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Donnet.

Mendelssohn.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO MISS
FANNY DAVIES.

*Hail to the writer of the wordless song!
Wordless, yet not without its meaning sweet,
To cheer the drooping heart. Who can delete
A note from polished Mendelssohn? A throng
Of pleasant fancies fills the mind that gives
Allegiance to his educated grace
And charm, resembling tracery of lace
Most delicate. There's many a soul that lives
E'er resting in the Lord with firmer trust
Through the suggestions of this meteor bright,
Intensely dazzling, though with transient light.
For in his prime 'twas found such glory must
Depart to higher spheres, where it could shine
In realms of splendour like his own—Divine.*

C. H. MITCHELL.

Au Courant.

IN the October number of *The Young Man*, that irrepressible critic, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, discourses once more on Wagner, under the heading of "Men I have met." Wagner, as everybody has now been told a dozen times, kissed the great man when he was over here; and the Marylebone divine reminds us how, on that memorable occasion, the composer exclaimed: "Ah! my dear Mr. Haweis, what lovely things you have written about me!" Mr. Haweis tries to write "lovely things" again, and he does it in his own gushing way. The master, he informs us, doubted whether his works would ever be popular in England. The only one of his dramas which he thought suited to the English genius was the "Meistersinger." Its rough, civic life, its homeliness, its busy rivalry, its simple love-making, and bright, innocent girlhood would, he believed, meet our tastes. He was not quite right. The "Meistersinger" has never achieved the popularity of the "Flying Dutchman," still less of "Lohengrin," on our stage. Its humour does not tickle us, and its romance seems a little forced. The poetical and musical shoemaker is quite "awfully too too German" for English folk. He is no more a possible reality here than is Longfellow's sentimental village blacksmith. Among other things, Mr. Haweis tells us that Wilhelmj, the great violinist, always drank wine at twenty francs a bottle. Just fancy! I wonder what price Mr. Haweis pays for that sparkle of his!

THE Vicar of St. James's, Marylebone, is also in evidence in *The Young Woman*, where he once more thrashes out that hoary

subject of his, "How to play the Violin." Mr. Haweis thinks the violin a peculiarly suitable instrument for a pretty girl. To be sure he believes that a pretty woman can do "almost anything," and impart a kind of charm to it, but he would not have her draw upon her capital of fascination by, for example, blowing the trumpet. No doubt he would reserve this latter recreation for himself as being eminently appropriate! In his great-grandmother's day he tells us that the harp was supposed to show a fine arm, and the guitar a pretty hand, but neither of these instruments, in his opinion, can, for the purposes of graceful display, be named in the same breath with the violin. Everything points to it as a woman's instrument *par excellence*; and so Mr. Haweis sets about teaching my contemporary's fair readers how to draw the long bow.

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AT the time of writing, Sivori, the famous violinist, is reported to be seriously ill, and, as he is now in his seventy-ninth year, his condition naturally gives rise to much anxiety. Camillo Sivori was a pupil of Paganini, who wrote six sonatas specially for him. He appeared in London as a boy prodigy as far back as 1827, but for nearly thirty years past he has resided on the continent.

* * *

THE German Emperor has, I understand, honoured Mr. Algernon Rose, the honorary secretary to the Westminster Orchestral Society, by accepting copies of "The Queen's March Past," recently published by Messrs. Chappell.

* * *

THE prospective arrangements of the Cardiff Orchestral Society for the season of 1893-94 show an exceptionally strong list of artists; and I have no doubt the music lovers of the western town will heartily respond to the Society's circular, and so secure them against any chance of loss from the expensive engagements that have been entered into. There will be in all three concerts, and the orchestra—which is a very complete one, including several ladies among the strings—will be conducted by Mr. T. E. Aylward.

* * *

THE Middlesbrough Musical Union announce three subscription concerts for the coming season, two being with full orchestra and chorus. The first concert will be interesting in many respects. First of all a new setting, by Mr. R. H. Walthew, of Browning's poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," will be performed. Mr. Walthew is a student of the Royal College of Music, and his work has attracted considerable attention since it was published a few months ago. Another feature of interest will be the performance for the first time in Middlesbrough of Handel's "Acis and Galatea." For the second concert Dr. Joachim and Miss Fanny Davies are announced, while, for the third concert, Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" is set down.

THE reappearance of Mr. Sims Reeves at the Promenade Concerts has awakened mixed feelings, which find typical expression in the form of special articles to two of the weeklies. *The National Observer* complains that the great tenor has never shown any "refined musical taste," since he has always chosen to appear in such songs as "Tom Bowling," "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Come into the garden, Maud." "We do not believe," saith the pigeon-breasted oracle, "that Mr. Sims Reeves has ever publicly sung one of Schumann's, or yet Schubert's, or even Mendelssohn's compositions in the whole of his career." Is it really so? At any rate, turn we now to *The Speaker*, and we find the change a trifle trying. That organ actually regards it as a praiseworthy fact that the famous tenor still harps on the virtues of the late Thomas Bowling; and special praise is bestowed on "The Bay of Biscay" and "My Pretty Jane," two of the most hackneyed songs in Mr. Sims Reeves' repertoire. Who shall decide between these two opinions? Perhaps, on the whole, the *National Observer* comes nearest the truth. It is all very well to appeal to the national sentiment, but Mr. Sims Reeves has appealed just a little too systematically. The great singer, as a writer on the subject has remarked, should, like the well-instructed scribe, be prepared to bring forth out of his treasure things new—and old.

* * *

THE death at Boston of Mr. John S. Dwight, removes one of the few survivors of the earliest group of American literary men. He was one of the most eloquent writers on music in the English language, and, as the founder and editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, his influence in elevating the standard of art in America was very great. Born in 1813, Mr. Dwight was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1832. Like Emerson, he became a Unitarian minister, and when Emerson and others started *The Dial* in 1840, he was one of the chief contributors. His speciality, however, soon showed itself to be music—as Lowell hinted in his "Fable for Critics"—and he came to be regarded as the one musical critic of Boston. *Dwight's Journal of Music* unfortunately succumbed in 1881; but before this happened it had been the medium of many valuable articles. Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, wrote several notable papers for its pages.

* * *

DR. GORDON STABLES wants the benighted Southerner to throw the doctors to the dogs, and try to keep well on "Ghillie Callum" and "Tullochgorum." The meaning of which is that we are to take to the Scotch reel and the Strathspey as being, scientifically and physiologically, the most perfect of all forms of exercise. Dr. Stables evidently desires to give a fillip to the Scotch piper and his collection of dance music. He tells us, in an apologetic kind of way, that he would recommend English dances, only that there are no English dances to recommend!

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That is a pity, for the misfortune of the Scotch dance tune is that, like eternity, it never comes to an end.

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MADAME PATTI tells a recent interviewer that she is "thoroughly at home" in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and speaks just enough Russian and Portuguese to make herself understood. She remembers all the frocks she has had, even to their colours—a splendid mnemonic achievement surely, even for a woman. In the way of medicinal or other fillips, she thinks as little of her voice as she evidently thinks of the misery and poverty of the world; but in cases of "absolute emergency" she pins her faith in homeopathy. She has any number of animal pets, including seven or eight little dogs, all of which, it is consoling to know, are "rare specimens of good breeding." The diva fills a "page of confessions" for her interviewer. Opposite "Your favourite story" she writes—"My own." Who will doubt it?

* * *

By the way, we are told that Patti and tea can never agree. The diva's voice does not take kindly to tannin, and so, when she is to sing professionally, she drinks strong black coffee. But why not have the tannin removed from the cup that cheers by the new "Tanocea" tablets? I am not personally much of a singer, and so cannot speak of the effect of the tablets on the vocal organs. But I can at any rate say that they prevent the bitter and disagreeable taste that most teas acquire on long "drawing"; and I should think that, while the flavour of the tea is improved, the infusion is also rendered easily digestible.

* * *

AN opera based on a Bible story is somewhat of a novelty in England, so that "Samson et Delila" must have seemed to a good many worthy people somewhat of an incongruity. Wagner himself felt that "Parsifal," strongly Biblical, at least in spirit, was not suitable for an ordinary opera-house; and what he felt some sensitive minds continue to feel with regard to the connection of Scripture and Stage. But, as my contemporary, the *Musical Record*, asks, why should not composers have the liberty of seeking inspiration from the same high source whence has sprung many a noble poem, picture, or piece of sculpture? The Church once encouraged the dramatising of the most solemn scenes, even of the New Testament; the clergy found it a direct and forcible mode of appealing to the hearts of the people. And if the stage be thoroughly reformed, or if, perhaps, a place be set apart for sacred musical drama, the Church may once again welcome such a powerful alliance of religion and art.

* * *

WE go from home to learn about our musicians. Mr. Ben Davies, as everybody knows, has been gaining laurels at the Chicago Eisteddfod, and the American papers have been crowning him with some wreaths of their own make. We learn, for example, that Mr. Davies bears the title of "The Queen's Tenor," which was conferred upon him by her Majesty after she heard him sing at a state concert in place of M. Van Dyck. It would, perhaps, be cruel to point out that the Queen has not been present at a state concert for more than thirty years.

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WHY do novelists make fools of themselves by writing about things of which they have no knowledge? In a recent story there is a wonderful organist who is found one evening at his church rehearsing to himself quite a phenomenal programme. First "the glad chords of the

'Wedding March' crashed forth in splendid harmony;" then came a song of Schumann, which again was followed by "The Watch on the Rhine." Some bars of the "Tannhäuser" march had only been heard when "the rhapsody was broken off in the middle and splintered into the chorus of a light opera"; while the "harmonious vagaries of the organ" were heard—well, were heard, I should say, backing up the vagaries of this extraordinary player. Let the novelists write about ladies and love—but about music—oh, never!

* * *

ENGLISH admirers of Rubinstein will regret to learn of the death of his younger son, Alexander, of rapid consumption. The young man was only twenty, and was his father's special favourite. He had a great aptitude for music, and as a mere lad he attracted the attention of the Czar, who caused him to be placed in a military school at St. Petersburg. Symptoms of phthisis showed themselves in the early summer, and the young man was brought by his father from St. Petersburg to the shores of the Lake of Como, only to die.

* * *

THERE seem to be other pirates than omnibuses. According to a recent article with the startling heading, "Are chorister boys kidnapped?" a youthful singer with a good treble voice is in danger of being decoyed away from his trainer, and his services secured for some other church, or even for a variety entertainment. Organists, choir-masters, and organisers of concerts all desire to get hold of the juvenile Orpheus; and much lamentation is caused when the bird suddenly takes flight. Choir-boys do not usually make more than £1 to £4 a year, and it is obvious that when the leader of a minstrel troupe offers twenty times that amount the temptation to accept is almost irresistible. Attempts are made to bind the chorister down by an indenture to serve for so many years; but the plan does not always answer. In these days of musical services, a boy with a "heavenly treble" is an acquisition worth much money, and a correspondingly good salary should be given him; otherwise he may be induced to exchange the choir seats for the footlights, and the surplice for the nigger's swallowtail coat.

* * *

OVER in America the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" has blossomed into "Professor" F. Nicholls Crouch. One had almost forgotten of Crouch's existence, for he has long been out of the country, and is now a man of eighty-six. He was one of the first students at the Royal Academy of Music, and at one time he played the cello at the Haymarket Theatre under Costa. He was one of the singers at her Majesty's coronation, and was the musical critic of the once popular *Metropolitan*. Since he went to the States, about 1849, his life has mostly been made up of reverses, and he is now earning a precarious income as a teacher of music in Baltimore. According to the *New York Tribune*, he has arranged to appear in Boston in the production of an Irish drama.

Music in a Lancaster County Asylum.

THE outside public have little or no knowledge of the life of a large lunatic asylum. It is of course known that the patients are of "unsound mind"; but many people seem to think that everyone connected with an asylum must necessarily be in the same condi-

tion. Hence it may be interesting to many of your readers to be enlightened as to what is done by those not of "unsound mind" to brighten the lives of those who are.

As a preliminary, I may say we have nearly two thousand patients, male and female, and a proportionate number of attendants, workmen and clerks, etc., who see to the business of the place. Music plays a very prominent part in the working of these institutions. The insane are always more or less fond of it, and some recreation must be found, not only for them, but also for the nurses and attendants.

Firstly, then, we have a lovely little church, and a sweet-toned two-manual organ. The choir is composed of nurses and attendants, and although we have not always a very first-class array of talent, we can always boast of a choir equal to or even better than most of our local choirs in this district. Of course, we have plenty of time allowed for practice, and we get through some pretty good anthems and special services. You would be surprised to see how the patients enjoy these services, and, with all due apologies to the reverend gentleman, I think they come to church to hear the music and not the parson. Anyhow, they are always very anxious to go to church, and will sit listening very quietly whilst the organ voluntary is being played without showing the least signs of impatience, be the parson ever so late.

Twice weekly during the winter we hold season dances. These are held in the dining-hall, and many a happy evening is spent in this manner. The patients all delight in them, and many are the "hugs" you get from some of the more excitable of them. The band is composed of the usual string and wind instruments, and, like the choir, we can usually boast of a pretty good one.

During each winter we get up some light opera or burlesque. Last winter we gave "The Gentleman in Black," by Gilbert, and the winter previous we had "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves." At various times "Patience" and others of equal note have been given. But, you ask, where do you get your principals? Well, we are always rather handicapped for these, or we should certainly aim even higher than we do. The choruses are always pretty good, but principals are not always at hand. You see, if a man or woman is fairly well advanced in music—particularly singing—he or she would not think of coming to an asylum to spend his or her days, but would look out for brighter fields. We do at times get, perhaps, two or three very good ones, but we can seldom boast of more at one time. Anyhow, we can always find sufficient talent to make a fairly good attempt.

Do we ever come across any musical wonders amongst the patients? Yes, we often do, and they usually are brought here through drink. We had, only a short time since, a man here who was really a very excellent violinist; and many pleasant evenings he and I spent in playing away at some masterpiece for violin and piano. Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, his Concerto, Mendelssohn's Concerto, and, in fact, all the masterpieces, were tried in turn. He was really a wonderful player, and ought to have been at "the top of the tree." I have heard him say he had played from the same copy as Mr. Carrodus, with whom doubtless he was at one time personally acquainted.

We have also had at other periods 'cello-players, singers and pianists. One of our late nurses, a clever singer, is now with one of the leading opera companies.

And now you will see from these remarks that there is more music in a lunatic asylum than is generally believed.

The Promenade Concerts.

PASSING over several classical nights, which were, it must be confessed, grievously lessened in interest by the sameness of the programmes, the most important concert after the Sims Reeves revival (noticed in our October issue) was the Wagner concert, on September 21. Personally, I should have been pleased to see a number of new items on the programme, in place of the several orchestral pieces repeated from the previous Wagner night. But many reasons made this inadvisable. It would necessitate extra rehearsals, and the band was already overworked. Then the "Walküre Ride" and "The Meistersinger" overture had (in the vulgar phrase) "caught" on so on the previous night that it was only natural to conclude that the public wanted to hear them again. And, anyhow, there were a few new things: Wagner's study for "Tristan," "Im Triebhaus," the Siegfried Idyll, the "Parsifal" prelude, and so forth. I say new, and mean as far as regards the promenades. Well, in "The Meistersinger" overture the orchestra was shockingly bad. It is curious that on several occasions this has been the case in the first number of the programme. It seems as though the players needed half an hour to settle down to their work. It is fervently to be hoped that this kind of thing will not prevail at the winter series of concerts in the new hall in Langham Place. It did prevail, however, on September 21. The introduction to Act III. of "Lohengrin" was played a little better. But Madame Belle Cole sang "Im Triebhaus" with a charm and appreciation of the music that was positively surprising, and this seems to have soothed the savage breasts of the bandmen, for in the "Tannhäuser" overture and Siegfried Idyll they were at their best. The "Parsifal" prelude was not so satisfactory, but this was probably due to the fact that Mr. Cowen seemed altogether out of sympathy with the music. This, we must remember, is purely mystical, and a commercial man, who does his day's work in a business way, like Mr. Cowen, does not like mysticism. Besides, the clinking of glasses went on steadily, and did not suggest the bells of Montsalvat chiming in the far distance. Miss Palliser sang "Elizabeth's Greeting" (from "Tannhäuser"), showing how very far short she is both as concerns volume of voice and the higher technique of the genuine prima donna. I am much afraid Miss Palliser will have to rest content with the smaller parts she sings so exquisitely; she is no more an Albani than she is six feet high, and Nature and not Miss Palliser is responsible for the shortening in each respect. Signor Axamis sang "Star of Eve" (from "Tannhäuser" also), and the programme ended with the "Walküre Ride," which might have been done better.

Next came the long-expected "Samson and Delila," on September 25. This work is elsewhere described in detail. I need only say the performance was an unmitigated disaster. Instead of waiting to see his opera fairly launched on the uncertain waters of English opinion, Mr. Saint-Saëns ran away to Paris. The Samson, Mr. Lafargue, followed. Mr. Sinkins, who is an astute little man, sent the Delila to fetch him back. But the order of things recounted in the opera was reversed in actual life, for the Samson so fascinated the Delila that she stayed in Paris instead of fetching him, a helpless prisoner, back to England. What was Mr. Sinkins to

do? He did his best; he got Mr. Bernard Lane to undertake to read the part of Samson at sight, and Miss Edith Miller to do the same by Delila. The resulting performance cannot be seriously criticised. Samson was always tentative and frequently inaudible. Delila was rather better; Mr. Eugene Oudin made the most of the ungrateful music given to the High Priest of Dagon; the band seemed demoralised from the beginning, and the chorus, jammed into the false roof or canopy above the orchestra, seemed weak and uncertain from the beginning. At the end of Act II. I left, and a large portion of the audience did the same; and when I heard that Mr. Sinkins did not intend to put on the work again my reverence for his wisdom and astuteness rose higher than ever.

On September 28, we were given a "Humorous" night to rouse our spirits from the heaviness into which "Samson et Delila" had thrown them. Alas! for the "humour." I have heard Glinka's "Kamarinskaja" at St. James's Hall, and it merely aroused my anger; and how Mr. Cowen can have reached the conclusion that it is "humorous" music is a matter that passes my comprehension. Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" is a piece of killing seriousness. The Meister Glee Singers only amuse me when they are pathetic; when they are humorous my heart fills with tears. That four such respectable-looking gentlemen should get on to a concert platform with the express object of gaining laughter and applause by playing the buffoon is a matter for regret. Mr. Mervyn Dene did his best with "The Friar of Orders Grey," but was only heard to advantage when he sang "Revenge, Timotheus cries" in the second part of the programme. This young gentleman possesses a singularly fine voice, and his training reflects the greatest credit upon Mr. Albert Reakes, under whom he studies in the London Academy of Music. I need not go through the programme in detail. We had the "Toy Symphony," Mozart's "Village Musicians," and so forth, in all of which the humour is not so obvious as might be desired. But it is fair to say that the Covent Garden audience seemed pleased.

October 6 was not so much an "English" as a "Parry" night. The programme included his "Hypatia" overture, some of the incidental music written for the same drama, the Scherzo and Finale from his "English Symphony," the song "The Lord is long-suffering," from "Judith," and the overture to Aristophanes' "Frogs." The composer was the conductor of the evening. To deal with his music first, it was all fairly well played. Dr. Parry is not by any means a great conductor, and the band was evidently feeling the strain of forty or more successive nights of hard work (7.45 until nearly 12), and this is the best that can be said. So far as I could see, the public liked none of the music; at any rate, the applause was of the feeblest, only Miss Greta Williams gaining a recall for her fine rendering of the tedious "The Lord is long-suffering." On the other hand, Mr. MacCunn's "Ship o' the Fiend" was warmly welcomed; and Miss Llewela Davies was called again and again after a remarkably accurate, but rather tame, rendering of Mendelssohn's G minor piano-concerto. The series came to a conclusion with Mr. Sinkins' "benefit," on Monday, October 9. Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Eugene Oudin, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Sims Reeves, and a number of others gave their services; and it must at once be said that, as might be expected on such an occasion as this, the interest lay more in the singers than the music they sang. I will not, therefore, stay to criticise. The evening was a stormy one, and this was enough to account for the comparatively small audience.

Mr. Sinkins would not "benefit" to the extent he probably hoped, but that ought not to disturb him. By the bold stroke of taking Covent Garden, engaging a good conductor and band, and performing good music, he has forced himself upon public notice in a way he could not otherwise have done. Previously he was a tenth-rate agent, or one might even say he was "an outsider." He has now won his way into the charmed circle of those who have the public eye upon their doings, and it remains only to see whether he has energy, business tact, and politeness enough to enable him to stay there. If he does succeed in making himself a permanent position as an agent, he will, doubtless, consider the money, time, and energy put into the Promenade Concerts as a good investment.

Musical life in London.

PROSPECTS OF THE WINTER SEASON.

SOME months ago I inaugurated the pleasant little custom of beginning or ending my notes on the month's music with a kind of lecture on the "true inwardness" of things, a sort of summing up of the net results of the month's work, and a calculation as to whether they made for good or evil. This I call a custom; but the truth is, that with me personally it became a habit—so much so that in September, when there were no concerts, I gave you the moral lecture without the criticisms. My excuse is that political writers are permitted to do it *ad nauseam*, for it is recognised that merely to record the sayings and doings of cabinet ministers and other placemen, without estimating their probable effect on the lives of the people of the country, would be the merest folly, or at any rate work that can well be done by some penny-a-lining tyro; and in the same way it is foolish and futile to report some twenty or thirty concerts, and give no reckoning of how they may affect the progress of music. For, to me, and (I hope) to my readers, music is not merely the ornamental side of life, but a very real and noble side, demanding all our earnestness and energy; and we watch its development with eager interest, joyfully hailing the good, and coming down with the force Nature has given us on the bad. This, then, is my excuse for past little moral lectures; there is the excuse I offer for beginning my criticism of the October concerts with a little preachment on the prospects of the season. Some of the prospectuses may have been noticed before, but for the sake of completeness they may be mentioned again.

First, then, what are we to expect in the way of orchestral performances? Well, Mr. Henschel has issued his usual "sketch programmes." This, his eighth season, will consist of eight concerts. I give the following list of composers, and the works that will be performed; placing the former in order according to the number of pieces by which they will be represented.

WAGNER.

A "Faust" overture; Klingers' Enchanted Garden ("Parsifal"); Kaisermarsch; Introduction to Act III. of "Meistersinger," Dance of Apprentices, etc.; Procession of Gods into Valhalla ("Rheingold"); Siegfried's journey to the Rhine ("Götterdämmerung"); Prelude and Good Friday's Spiel from "Parsifal"; Prelude and Finale from "Tristan"; Walkürenritt;

Waldweben ("Siegfried"); "Tannhäuser" overture; Prelude to "Lohengrin," "Siegfried" Idyll. Total, 14 pieces.

BEETHOVEN.

Third and Ninth Symphonies; Piano Concertos in E flat and G; "Coriolanus" and "Leonora" (No. 3) overtures. Total, 6 pieces.

BRAHMS.

Symphony in C minor; Rhapsody for contralto, male chorus, and orchestra; Concerto in D for violin. Total, 3 pieces.

SCHUMANN.

Symphony in B flat; Piano Concerto in A minor. Total, 2 pieces.

BRUCH.

Concerto in G minor for violin, and "Solo" for violin. Two pieces.

SVENDSEN, Romance for violin. GOETZ, Overture, "Francesca da Rimini." HAYDN, Symphony in G (No. 3, Breitkopf). PADE-REWSKI, "Polish Fantasia." SPOHR, Concerto in D minor for violin. SCHUBERT, "Unfinished" Symphony. RUBINSTEIN, "Ocean" Symphony. MOSZKOWSKI, Concerto for violin. PAGANINI, "Solo for violin." One piece each.

I imagine my readers will find this analysis somewhat startling. Wagner and Beethoven are well represented, and Brahms cannot complain; but here we have poor old Father Haydn's name only once, Schubert's once, and Bach's, Handel's, and Mozart's never at all! Surely music is not progressing at an excessive rate of speed when its kings are displaced in favour of such mediocrities as Bruch, Svendsen, Goetz, and Moszkowski! If Mr. Henschel wanted novelties, have we no Englishmen of undoubted talent whose works are worth producing, that he must needs fall back upon dreary stuff which is novel only by reason of its dulness being so great that the past generation, having heard it, refused to have more of it, and it is being revived only to appal and disgust this generation—which will in turn refuse it, and leave it for the "novelty" seeker of next generation! However, I desire to be fair; and though Mr. Henschel will produce no *bona-fide* novelties, his programmes are well arranged, and nearly every concert will have a few interesting items. There will be a "Wagner" night on February 8, 1894, and a "Beethoven" night on April 5; at the latter the "Coriolanus" overture, Piano Concerto in G, and Choral Symphony will be performed, Mr. Leonard Borwick being the pianist. Paderewski will play his own "Polish Fantasia" on November 22.

If Mr. Farley Sinkins continues in the good way he has begun, his promised orchestral concerts in the new Queen's Hall, Langham Place, will eclipse Mr. Henschel's series. But no details are yet to hand, excepting that there will be a night of good and one of "popular" music each week, and that Mr. Cowen will conduct.

The Crystal Palace Concerts have already commenced (the first will presently be described), and it need only be mentioned that Mr. Manns has arranged most interesting programmes, and has not utterly forgotten the many young composers of the present time who want a hearing. Thus he will play Mr. Edward German's Norwich Festival Symphony, Mr. W. Wallace's "Eumenides of Æschylus," Dr. Henry Hiles's overture "Youth," a cradle song by Mr. C. H. Couldery, and Mr. Granville Bantock's overture, "The Fire Worshippers." Mr. Ferdinand's Ballad for

chorus and orchestra, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," will also be produced; and I notice elsewhere another new work, Mr. Godfrey Pringle's "Durand," played on October 14. This generation is under more obligations than it is likely to acknowledge to Mr. August Manns for his unceasing support of the music of the country he has made his own.

Then the "Pops" are already in full swing; Sarasate is giving recitals on October 14, November 13, and December 4; on October 31 Paderewski plays; and besides these there is a fair sprinkling of rather less important concerts.

The new-born season, then, promises to be most interesting. There are fewer concerts, and they are, on the whole, of better quality. Compared with previous winters, the coming one will undoubtedly come out well; and, indeed, the brief analysis I have made of coming events will lead my readers to see that at least the metropolis of unmusical England has gradually become more musical. And this is all I wish to say by way of preliminary lecture, and I trust readers have not been seriously annoyed or bored by my remarks.

SARASATE.

The opening of the shooting season for critics was October 14. Some six weeks previous it is, I believe, that partridges and other birds who are foolish enough to expose themselves, are considered fair game for any sportsman with a gun and a license; and in the same way, any featherless songsters or tumblers (pianists, violinists, etc.) who perch themselves on the platform of St. James's or any other hall on or after the opening day of the season (this year, as I have said, October 14), do so at their own risk, and are liable to be shot at by any critic who has his license (ticket of admission) and ammunition (pens, ink, paper). To be sure, a critic projects nothing more deadly than paper bullets of the brain, and they have never been known to kill; but occasionally they wound so severely that the unwary featherless bipeds threaten libel actions, and even corporal chastisement. However, *revenons à nos moutons*. The season opened on October 14 with Sarasate's concert in St. James's Hall and the first of the Crystal Palace series. This is Sarasate's programme:

Sonata in C minor for pianoforte and violin, Op. 30	Beethoven.
(First time of performance at these Concerts.)	
Second Grand Sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin	Raff.
Violin solos	(a) Legend ... Wieniawski.
	(b) Witches' Dance ... Bazzini.
Pianoforte solos	(a) Scherzo in E major, Op. 54 ... Chopin.
	(b) Etude in A minor ... Thalberg.
Violin solo	"Bolero" ... Sarasate.

Now a writer for whom I entertain a certain esteem, has anticipated me in saying something about Sarasate that I wanted to say very badly. He has said it better than I can hope to, and this must be my apology for quoting his remarks here. In his criticism on this concert in an evening contemporary, he says: "The programme was not an extraordinarily attractive one, from the point of view of those who wish to hear the Spanish magician at his best. . . . With the superb Beethoven Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin, with which the concert opened, neither Sarasate nor Madame Bertha Marx, the pianist, are in the smallest degree in sympathy. It is significant that it was marked: 'First time of performance at these concerts'; for Beethoven has been a classic these seventy years and the Sarasate concerts are an institution of older date than I care to recall. To say the truth, the somewhat careless and offhand

performance was very suggestive of a first-sight reading. If Beethoven worship were not too much the thing to be resisted just now, Sarasate would frankly say: 'I don't care for this kind of music, and if you would excuse me I would rather not play it.' He does not say that, and he does play it; consequently we find he has limitations that might go undiscovered if he were more reticent. . . . But in the shorter things, Wieniawski's 'Legend,' Bazzini's 'Witches' Dance,' and his own 'Bolero,' Sarasate was truly magnificent. Such pieces have little individuality, and he so fills them with his own as to conclusively prove that, though not a great interpreter, he is in his way a creative artist of the very highest rank." Now, in truth, this criticism does sum up Sarasate so far as the space allows; and everyone now admits that Sarasate is not a successful player of Beethoven, nor, indeed, of any of the greater music. But, of course, his magnificent quality of tone never fails him, his phrasing never ceases to be beautiful, nor his intonation to be marvelously just. Those are compensations for his want of emotional and intellectual profundity; and really, one can scarcely decide which to prefer, the tone, phrasing and accurate intonation, or the rough-hewn intellectual and emotional renderings of Joachim. In fact, on the whole, why should we prefer? rather let us be thankful that we can hear two players who are as superb as they are different. Raff's music does not interest me greatly; and the sonata chosen by Sarasate is not a particularly good specimen. Madame Bertha Marx did not play nearly so prettily as I have heard her, though she gained an encore and played a piano arrangement of a Schubert song. Sarasate was encored twice, and gave an arrangement of a Russian tune and his own "Jota Navarra."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Quite a large crowd took the chance of a wetting and a journey to Sydenham in steaming clothes to attend the opening concert at the same hour and on the same day as I was calmly sitting in St. James's Hall listening with joy to Sarasate. Only the critics of the evening papers can be in two places at once, and for my part, I confess my utter inability to achieve the trick; but I sent a competent deputy to the Palace, and he reports to me as follows: It seemed as though the applause would never cease when Mr. Manns mounted to his place at the conductor's desk on Saturday afternoon last (Oct. 14). When at last it stopped, the magnificent band commenced on Sir Arthur Sullivan's Overture to "Macbeth," written for Henry Irving's Lyceum performances in 1888. The piece is ineffective on the concert-platform, and cannot hope to take a permanent place in the repertoire of the large orchestras. Why Mr. Manns should include Mr. Arthur Leidel's arrangement of part of the second act of "Tristan" is a mystery I cannot fathom. It is not well done; some of the combinations are excruciating; and at other times the orchestra gives utterance to tones—intended to imitate Leidel's or Tristan's voice, as the case may be, which are irresistibly ludicrous. Mr. Godfrey Pringle's "Durand" is an interesting piece of music, which proves its composer to possess creative power of no mean order; but I must hear the work again before giving a definite judgment on its merits. For the rest, Mr. Slivinski made a great success in Saint-Saëns' G minor Concerto; Miss Palliser sang agreeably, and a thoroughly enjoyable concert came to an effective conclusion with a superb rendering of Beethoven's comparatively seldom-heard Fourth Symphony in B flat.

THE "POPS."

The first Monday Popular Concert came off on October 16. The programme, in itself, was a fine one:

PART I.

- Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello *Beethoven.*
Miss Wietrowetz, and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse.
Air ... "La Procession" *César Franck.*
Mr. Eugene Oudin.
Chromatic Fantasia in D minor, for pianoforte alone ... *Bach.*
Miss Fanny Davies.
Romance in G major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment ... *Svendsen.*
Miss Wietrowetz.
Songs { (b) "Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen" ...
(a) "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen" ...
(c) "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt" ... *R. Franz.*
Mr. Eugene Oudin.
Sonata in A minor, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin ... *Schumann.*
Miss Fanny Davies and Miss Wietrowetz.

but taking into account the players it was hardly suitable. Three of the "old gang" were away—Straus, alas! has permanently retired—and the new set evidently had not had time to get into touch, sympathy with one another. Consequently the Beethoven quartet suffered rather badly. The first movement was out of tune and out of time; the second was robbed of its mysterious sadness; the third was correctly commonplace; and the finale was about as ragged as could well be. This is strongly worded condemnation; but a just critic has no alternative, however strongly he may be convinced that the associated players will do better in the future. Mr. Eugene Oudin sang his first song, an inferior one, very finely indeed; but hardly succeeded so well with the three beautiful songlets of Franz later on. Miss Fanny Davies gave a strong, healthy and withal thoroughly artistic account of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia; and afterwards saved the Schumann A minor Sonata for piano and violin from falling altogether flat. Indeed her will and conviction were so much stronger than Miss Wietrowetz's that the wonderful first movement got interpreted very finely indeed. The "Romance" by Svendsen showed the lady to be a violinist of the ultra-Parisian stamp; her technique being good, her tone commonplace and unsympathetic, and her style devoid of expression. Still, as this is a first judgment I may have to alter it, for nervousness is a woeful hindrance to the execution of good intentions, and I could not help thinking Miss Wietrowetz was nervous at times.

On Saturday afternoon, October 21, the following programme was played:

- String quartet in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3 *Mendelssohn.*
Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse.
Songs ... { (a) "Le Soir" ... *Gounod.*
(b) "A la Nuit" ...
Mr. Eugene Oudin.
Sonata in C major, Op. 43 ... *Beethoven.*
Miss Fanny Davies.
Romance, Op. 42 (for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment) ... *Max Bruch.*
Mdlle. Wietrowetz.
Songs ... { (a) "Prière" ...
(b) "Chanson de Printemps" ... *Gounod.*
Mr. Eugene Oudin.
Quartet in B minor, Op. 14 (for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello) *Robert Kahn.*
Miss Fanny Davies, Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Messrs. Gibson and Whitehouse.

The latter was an absolute novelty, about which there is no space to say anything. On the following Monday the "bill of fare" included Beethoven's quartet Op. 18, No. 4; Brahms' trio for piano, violin, and cello (Op. 101), and the Etudes Symphoniques for piano alone—the latter played by Mr. Leonard Borwick.

These items of information may be of some interest to my readers.

Music in South Africa.

FROM OUR CAPE TOWN CORRESPONDENT.

—:o:—

September 11, 1893.

WE had the oratorio of the "Messiah" last week on two nights, in the big Drill Hall, and here Foli appeared for the last time before leaving for England. The place was crowded on each occasion; I went both times, and had a capital seat. The chorus numbered 300 voices, and the orchestra fifty instruments. The soprano solos were taken by a Mrs. Gray, a lady with a voice of much sweetness and considerable power, although she is middle-aged. Her best numbers were, "Come unto Him," "How beautiful are the feet," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." These she rendered with great expression, and her upper notes were clear as a bell. The runs in "Rejoice greatly" were rather trying for her. The contralto was a Miss Bergh, a young lady with a voice of much promise, who is shortly going to Europe to study. She was rather nervous in her first solo, "O thou that tellest," but improved in "He shall feed His flock"; and "He was despised" was very sweetly rendered. The tenor solos were sung by Mr. Vernon Reed, who was formerly attached to one of the operatic companies passing through here. He has a good strong voice and a correct delivery, though there is too metallic a sound about it for my taste. The opening recitative, "Comfort ye," and the following air, "Every valley," were very well rendered, as were the airs, "Thou didst not leave" and "Thou shalt break them"; though on the second evening he seemed rather tired towards the end, and his voice became a trifle flat here and there. Foli was in excellent voice, though of course it would be mere flattery to say it was the same voice we heard ten years ago. His rising for his first number, "Thus said the Lord of Hosts," was the signal for a very enthusiastic reception throughout the hall, and the deep chest notes rolled out through the big building with great effect. The following air, "But who may abide," he did not sing for some reason. In the trying air "Why do the nations" he was rapturously applauded, though, for my part, I prefer Santley's rendering of it. In the recitative, "Behold, I tell you a mystery," and following air, "The trumpet shall sound," he was accompanied very well on the trumpet by Mr. Charles Mills, and of course gave it well, though the upper notes seemed rather trying to him sometimes. On the second night he was rather sleepy between his solos and perceptibly nodded in his chair, at last getting up and going out to the waiting-room. The chorus showed themselves to be well under the control of Mr. Barrow Dowling's baton, and went through their part of the work particularly well; "For unto us" was sung with great precision and spirit and good attack. The "Hallelujah Chorus" also went splendidly, the whole audience rising. The orchestra was thoroughly well in hand and accomplished their work most satisfactorily, the flautist was excellent and among the strings were one or two ladies, I noticed. On each flank of the orchestra was placed one of the (Bell) American organs, which added much to the tone and power of the music. Altogether it was a most successful affair, and must have been also a financial success. Now they are working at "St. Paul," to be given next December.

The rain and hail are sweeping down from the mountain as I write in frequent fierce squalls, and the same weather prevented me taking my usual Sunday walk yesterday, and next Sunday

I shall be on the sea between here and Port Elizabeth, though I shall be back again by the time you read this.

Norwich Festival.

—:o:—

SOME months ago (August issue) we spoke of Norwich Festival in terms to which no exception could be taken on the score of inseverity; but, on the other hand, we do not consider that they were in the least degree too severe. A musical festival, we contend, should be primarily and chiefly in aid of music; not in aid of local hospitals, nor orphans of the clergy, nor the like objects, however laudable it may be to help these. At present music is a kind of drum which is beaten until a crowd is gathered together, then the hat is sent round, and the local charities get what is gathered, whilst music is starved as far as the organisers dare.

On Tuesday, October 2, the proceedings opened with a fairly good rendering of "St. Paul." The soloists were Anna Williams, Belle Cole, Ben Davies and Norman Salmond; and Mr. Randegger conducted in his well-known style.

Next morning Mr. German's new symphony met with a reception of qualified approval; but as the work will be more fully discussed in THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC at a later date we reserve our opinion for the present. "The Golden Legend" followed, with Albani, Marian McKenzie, Edward Lloyd, Henschel, and Dantock Pierpoint as soloists. It was of course received with the usual raptures. In the evening of the same day Paderewski's brilliant "Polish Fantasia" was played by the composer; and whether composer or player was meant to receive the tumultuous applause is a question we will not pretend to answer. Dr. Horace Hill's "Yew barrow," an overture, and Mr. Gaul's "Una," a cantata of the sort intended specially for the use of small choral societies, followed.

Passing over works either ancient or unimportant, we arrive, on Friday evening's concert (the last of the festival), at Mr. Cowen's "Water Lily." This work was written for the last Leeds Festival, but Mr. Cowen very wisely withdrew it in consequence of the intolerable action of the committee, who would not engage the singer he thought best fitted to the principal soprano part. The cantata has lost nothing by its year's wait; even modern music does not lose its freshness in that short time. At some future time the cantata will be analyzed in these columns; for the present we need only say that it is undoubtedly a good specimen of the composer's workmanship, and may, with judicious pushing, become as popular as any of his longer compositions. At this performance orchestra, chorus, principals and conductor were all fagged, and we cannot agree with those critics who wrote that "the fine music had full justice done to it"; but, on the contrary, we think the new works should always be placed in the middle of a festival week, when all hands are fairly settled down to work and not yet tired out; and decidedly we are of opinion that Mr. Cowen's cantata lost considerably in effectiveness by being so foolishly placed where it was. The soloists were Albani, Marian McKenzie, Edward Lloyd and Norman Salmond, and Mr. Cowen conducted.

This concluded Norwich Festival. We fervently hope that by the time the next comes round there will be more musical people and fewer doctors or hospital enthusiasts on the committee, and that something will be done to make the affair what it is in name—a MUSICAL Festival.

In the Back Office.

THE CYNIC. Well, getting into harness again? How does the so-called atmosphere of St. James's Hall suit you after the salt sea-breezes of your favourite north-east coast?

OUR CRITIC. It hasn't produced any of its feltest effects on my nerves as yet; and if you repeat your question about the middle of November, I'll give you a definite answer.

THE CYNIC. More emphatic than definite, I'm afraid, if you've had to make your way home three or four times in a choking fog. But I said "the atmosphere," not the artists, and don't exactly see the point of your reference to your nervous condition.

OUR CRITIC. I'm perfectly aware of what you said, and I meant what I said. For, in truth, such things as the atmosphere have more influence on one's criticisms than the ignorant public generally supposes.

THE CYNIC. Come, come! don't refer to me as "the ignorant public;" and if you mean that I don't know such things affect your criticisms you're greatly mistaken. I am surprised to find you admit it!

OUR CRITIC. Why not admit it? What good is there in denying it? Supposing one goes to a concert drunk—

THE CYNIC. What!

OUR CRITIC. You know I am a teetotaler, but all critics are not; and I say, supposing one who is not, goes to a concert in a state of intoxication, are his judgments the same as they would be if he were sober?

THE CYNIC. The essential characteristic of a drunken man is that he has no judgment; but I should certainly think his impressions of the music he hears would be different.

OUR CRITIC. Well, let me continue. Supposing I eat a beefsteak and it disagrees, will my impressions be the same?

THE CYNIC. They would not.

OUR CRITIC. And is a vile atmosphere any better than a steak which won't digest?

THE CYNIC. It is an open question; but you needn't go any further; I see what you mean: if artists want to be fairly judged they should not perform in halls where the atmosphere, like man in the hymn-books, is vile! Q.E.D.

THE JUNIOR CLERK (from behind). They should also prevent the critic going to the concert drunk, or after eating a steak which won't digest!

THE CYNIC. Hullo! We didn't know you were about.

* * * * *

THE CYNIC. Here's something for you.

OUR CRITIC. You seem bent on worrying me to death—what is it?

THE CYNIC. Listen. "There has been no attempt—for that matter, why should there be?—at disguising, or even modifying, the well-known characteristics of his method and style; wherefore we have in the ———, to begin with, a musical fabric of which *leitmotiven*, or representative themes, are warp and woof. Mr. ——— is in sympathy with this, as to its ultimate development, Wagnerian device, and employs it unsparingly, if not quite in the manner of his exemplar. I am scarcely so far gone in love with the present development of a method which, undoubtedly, has its uses. But that is no matter. Composers have a perfect right to employ what means they please, and should be judged not by process, but by results, otherwise the progress of music is necessarily

stopped. The effect in this case is good, because Mr. Cowen, while freely using the device, does not confuse its significance. Each theme comes honestly out, every time it recurs, with no more than, in one or two cases, a change of rhythm; while as the subjects are, for the most part, well marked, they are easily identified." What think you of that?

OUR CRITIC. It reminds me of the style of a weekly contemporary. That naïve question at the beginning is especially lovely.

THE CYNIC. I am not profoundly versed in the technicalities of musical composition; but it seems rather ridiculous even to me to give a man credit, because he does not develop his themes, and that is what is meant, I suppose, by "each theme comes honestly out."

OUR CRITIC. Ridiculous!

THE CYNIC. I thought so. Now, the next time Mr. ———'s symphony is performed I should like to do the notice of it for you.

OUR CRITIC. What would you say?

THE CYNIC. "Mr. ——— has made no attempt to be unlike himself in this symphony. He believes in themes and uses them. But no confusion ensues. Even in the 'working-out' section the themes are not metamorphosed at all: each comes honestly out, and though one might object that such a method is brainless, and the result intolerably monotonous, yet there is no possibility of any old fogey becoming mixed, and the composer will earn the well-deserved gratitude of that ass the critic of the ———"

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Order!

* * * * *

(Dead silence for many minutes; then enter OUR LIVE DICTIONARY, accompanied by a gentleman with spectacles and long hair, and dressed in coarse hairy clothes, apparently made of sack.)

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Hillo! Strangers!

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. Not at all. Gentlemen, let me introduce THE INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.

THE INTELLIGENT F. Good evening, shentlemen. Haf you any cigars? Ah! Thank you. (THE INTELLIGENT F.'s peculiar pronunciation must henceforth be imagined: it will not be repeated.) Yes, I am the intelligent foreigner. Do I play?—yes; the piano?—yes; the violin?—yes; the big trom?—yes; yes, all the instruments I play. Do I sing?—yes; bass?—yes; tenor?—yes; alto?—yes; soprano?—no. Can I compose?—yes; opera?—yes; oratorio?—yes; comic songs?—yes; all sorts I compose. Do I conduct?—yes; band?—yes; the chorus?—yes; I do everything; but nothing can I find to do. Went to Mr. Vert; said to him, "Give me Albert Hall concerts to conduct;" Mr. Vert kick me out; went to Harris and said, "Make me conductor your opera—Italian, French, German, any sort." Harris said, "Go to ———" forget where he said: cannot even get organist St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey.

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY (mildly). It does seem rather sad that a man cannot earn a livelihood, even though he be a master of his art.

THE INTELLIGENT F. Even though he can do everything, yet can he get nothing to do.

THE CYNIC. Pray, Mr. Intelligent Foreigner, what is a fugue?

THE INTELLIGENT F. (much astonished). I—I do not understand your language.

THE CYNIC. What is a semiquaver?

THE INTELLIGENT F. I no understand.

THE CYNIC. Tell me the name of the note in the third space, treble clef.

THE INTELLIGENT F. You much confuse me by these words—I do not know—that is—

THE CYNIC. That is, I thought so. This

gentleman will soon be advertising himself as "the distinguished violinist." Kick him out.

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. Nay, nay! you are too hard; you can see he doesn't understand what you mean.

THE CYNIC. I most decidedly can; but—Never mind, let him stay if he's quiet.

* * * * *

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY (tentatively). I've just been to see "Utopia Limited."

OUR CRITIC. Ah!—well, what do you think of it?

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. Rather pretty; but I couldn't help feeling that I'd heard it all before. Mr. Gilbert's range of satire seems very narrow; he gives us the same thing over and over again eternally.

OUR CRITIC. Yes, his special domain is a very "Limited" "Utopia."

THE CYNIC. And his ideal more limited than Utopian.

How to Practise.

—:o:—

CHOPIN'S NOCTURNE.

WHEN I call upon my friends they sometimes ask the eldest daughter to play me something, and she generally selects this nocturne by Chopin. My life is then miserable for a quarter of an hour, and I come away from my friends' house hating Chopin and all his works. By the next morning, I hate only this particular nocturne; a day later my wrath has subsided, so that I only detest the lady who played it; and twenty-four hours after that stage is reached, I have resumed my customary degree of liking for the young lady, and abhor and abominate merely the way she plays. Shall I describe an ideally bad performance of the nocturne?

Well, the young lady sits down at the piano in a careless manner, opens the music, and starts away at a fairly vigorous *allegro*. She thumps out the melody, paying no attention to Chopin's *piano* or *forte* indications; she never notices the slurs or other phrasing signs; she jams down the "loud" pedal until one can hardly distinguish melody for the noisy roar; she fingers carelessly and wrongly, and so makes a sad hash of the little ornamental passages; she plays in strict time throughout, except in the harder passages, where she seems generally to think it advisable to introduce a little (or a big) *rallentando*; in a word, she plays without expression or feeling, without taking the trouble to read Chopin's expression marks, without taking the trouble even to rightly use the sustaining pedal or to finger accurately.

This is a bad performance: to give a good rendering you must note all those faults and do the opposite. Play the piece very slowly until you have learned notes and fingering; then study the places where the pedals must be used; then, finally, the phrasing and shading of tone. You must make the piano sing throughout. The way to get the singing tone in the rapid passages is to begin by playing each one very slowly, gradually increasing the pace, but never for a moment losing your grip, so to speak, of the singing quality. You may profitably spend hours on the cadenza at the end of this nocturne, getting your *crescendo* and *diminuendo* accurately graduated, and acquiring the singing tone; for every such difficult passage mastered makes it the easier to learn the next one. Those of you

who have an opportunity of hearing Sarasate play his violin-arrangement of this piece, should not miss it; for you will learn more from him than I can tell you in fifty pages of description.

FOUR SCHUMANN SONGS.

A most important part of a Schumann song is the accompaniment. Especially is this the case in "Widmung," which largely depends on the piano part for the fine swing of its rhythm. The main advice to the singer is, sing with fervour. There should be a great *crescendo* and some hurrying of the time from the fifth bar up to the minim F flat, which ought to ring out passionately; and after that the feeling must slowly subside to the first cadence. The next verse must be smoothly sung, and all the feeling put in you know how to. The last verse is like the first, excepting the *crescendo* is not continued up to the F flat, but makes an effective ending "top-note" on E flat, which should not be sustained too long.

In "Ich grolle nicht" breadth of phrasing is the main thing. Do not try to get in little effects of tone shading; there might be a little swelling and dying away on the A flat in the third bar; but it must be very slight; and in the fifth bar you must begin a *crescendo* which continues until the ninth, from which it subsides until the sudden *forte* in the twelfth. For the remainder of the song, Schumann has given full expression marks. Note, however, that it will be as effective again sung with the greatest possible *legato* throughout, than if *staccato*, etc., is indulged in. There may be some temptation to sing the repetition of the words "Ich grolle nicht" at the finish, *declamato*; but the more artistic method is to preserve the *legato*.

When you study "Du bist wie eine Blume" aim at a pure tone, at great simplicity of style, and at expressing quiet depth of feeling. This song is simply a little prayer, and as such must be sung. Schumann has indicated the gradations of tone he wants.

"Die Lotosblume" is one of Schumann's loveliest creations, and is a capital song for weaker voices. There should be a little *cres.* and *dim.* in the second bar; at the words "Der mond der ist ihr Buhle," the time may effectively be hurried a little; at "Sie blüht und glüht," make a *cres.* and *dim.* on each minim, so as to get a slight panting effect; and after the passionate cadenza sing the final phrases, the first softly, the second almost in a whisper and very slowly.

THE SCHOOL SONG.

This duet of Mr. Mansfield's will make a good school-song; for though rather lengthy, many of its phrases are so frequently repeated that there need be little trouble in learning it. It affords plenty of opportunities for the study of phrasing and expression; and children may be practised in producing tones of a different character in the *andante* middle section.

It may be mentioned here—in connection with the article on musical criticism which appeared some months since—that many of the society papers pay their musical critic the handsome remuneration of 7s. 6d. per week. The founder of a now well-known society connected with the drama draws the same salary as a dramatic critic.

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PRESENTATION CONCERT AND DISTRIBUTION OF CERTIFICATES IN LEICESTER.

ON Monday, October 9, the Fourth Annual Presentation Concert took place at the Medway Street Board School, in connection with the Leicester Centre of the L.C.M., Canon Stocks occupying the chair. The large room was packed to the door. The other members of the Committee present were the Rev. L. L. Cooper, M.A. (Senior Vice-President), and Mr. W. H. Scott (Junior Vice-President), organist of St. Saviour's. Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M. (hon. local representative), Mrs. W. H. Scott, L.C.V., Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Gliddon (Principal of Severn School), Mr. J. D. Lewin, Mr. H. C. Rowntree, Mr. S. H. Wright, Mr. F. Redfern, Mr. F. Cartwright (organist of St. Andrew's), Mr. C. H. Ellson, A.L.C.M. (organist of Kibworth Parish Church), and Mr. J. H. Burton (organist of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, and reporter to the Committee). During the interval Mr. Spiers read a report of the general work of the College. Coupling with this he read the excellent speech given by Dr. W. J. Westbrook, and extracts from the speeches by Drs. Karn, Verrinder, Mr. F. Adkins, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (Cardiff representative), etc., which were given at the last annual banquet on April 4th, at the Holborn Restaurant, all of which so forcibly and strongly testify to the invaluable work that has and is being done by the L.C.M. In the course of his report Mr. Spiers gave the following statistics, which show the total number of candidates since 1889: 1889, 489; 1890, 2,305; 1891, 4,001; 1892, 5,755; 1893 (April), 1,265, (July), 3,210; being a total for the half year of 4,385. With December added, the College hoped to reach from 9,000 to 10,000 for the present year, which would nearly double the figures for 1892.

The Chairman afterwards gave a short address on "Music." He believed from practical experience that music was a great lightener of the ordinary burdens and cares of life, besides giving one renewed energy for work. He wished to encourage the society in every way in his power, and especially advised students, in whatever branch of music they took up, to be thorough in their study of it.

Canon Stocks subsequently presented the diplomas and certificates to the following candidates, who were successful at the examination in July last: Mr. C. H. Ellson and Miss Sarah Stevenson (Diploma of Associate, A.L.C.M.), examined by Dr. Westbrook at Birmingham, on Tuesday, July 18th; Mr. George Townsend (Diploma of Proficiency, D.P.L.C.M.), these being prepared by Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M. Mrs. Springthorpe, Advanced Senior Honours (prepared by T. H. Spiers); Mr. E. E. Church, Senior Honours and Prizeman (prepared by Messrs. J. Neale and T. H. Spiers); Henrietta Deborah Ross (prepared by Miss S. H. Cooper), Intermediate Section; Maud M. Simons, Intermediate Section (prepared by Miss Gliddon); Annie Maria Underwood, Intermediate Section (prepared by Miss E. Smith, of Loughborough); Stella Theodora Burdett, Intermediate (prepared by Mr. C. H. Ellson, A.L.C.M.); Carrie Bentley, Honours, Elementary Section (prepared by Mrs. Springthorpe); Frederick Lewis Knight, Elementary Pass (prepared by Mrs. Fletcher); Carry Molyneux, Elementary (prepared by Miss R. E. Jeyes); Edith Annie Powell, Elementary Pass (Mrs. Fletcher); Ethel M. Palfreyman, Elementary Pass (Miss Gliddon). All the above were awarded for pianoforte playing, with the exception of Mr. E. E. Church, whose Honours Certificate and Prize was awarded for violin playing. Harold Meering Strickland, Elementary Pass for violin playing (T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M.); Florence Dexter, Elementary Pass, pianoforte (Mrs. Fletcher). These were examined by G. Augustus Holmes, Esq., L. Mus. L.C.M., and Director of the Examination Department, on Monday, July 17, at Leicester.

The proceedings from beginning to end were most satisfactory, and the function was considered the most successful of its kind ever held in Leicester. Credit is due to the local representative, under whose supervision the whole of the arrangements were made. A hearty vote of thanks was proposed to Canon Stocks, by Mr. W. H. Scott, for kindly presiding, seconded by the Rev. L. L. Cooper; also to the artistes, by Mr. Cooper, for their kind and valuable assistance. The proceedings closed with the National Anthem. Appendix is the concert programme:

PART I.

1. Quartet, "Intermezzo" from No. 2, Op. 2 ... Mendelssohn.
Piano, Mr. T. H. Spiers; violin, Mr. J. R. Orgill; viola, Mr. C. B. Gamble; violoncello, Mr. G. Tuffley.
2. Song "My true love hath my heart" A. Page.
Mrs. W. H. Scott, L.C.V.
3. Solo (pianoforte), Polonaise in E flat ... Weber.
Mrs. Springthorpe.
4. Song "Wilt thou love me, fairest Maiden" Hughes.
Mr. J. R. Orgill.
5. Solo (violin), "Sound so joyful," from "Sonnambula" ... Bellini.
Mr. E. E. Church.
6. Duet (vocal) "Under the Stars" A. Thomas.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Scott.
7. Duet (pianoforte) "Husarenritt" F. Spindler.
Miss Lucy Alcock and Mr. J. W. Hill.

PART II.

Address and Presentation of Certificates.

PART III.

1. Instrumental trio (a) Largo in E } ... Beethoven.
(b) Presto in G }
Violin, Mrs. W. H. Scott; pianoforte, Mr. T. H. Spiers; violoncello, Mr. G. Tuffley.
2. Song ... "For all eternity" Angelo Macheroni.
Miss Jordan (violin obbligato, Mr. J. R. Orgill).
3. Soli (violin) (a) Romance, No. 1, in A minor; (b) Romance, No. 2, in A major ... Schumann.
Mrs. W. H. Scott, L.C.V.
4. Song ... "Still as the Night" ... Bohm.
Mr. W. H. Scott.
5. Solo (flute) ... "Il Trovatore" ... Verdi.
Mr. F. Day.
6. Part song "Daylight is fading" Henry Leslie.
Mrs. Scott, Miss Jordan, and Messrs. Scott, H. Orgill, J. R. Orgill, and Platts.

Music in Wandsworth.

(FROM OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.)

ON Thursday evening, October 5, Mr. Frank Broad gave a drawing-room entertainment in the Town Hall. Although there was a very poor audience—perhaps owing to the inclemency of the weather—Mr. Broad went through his programme with a good heart. The first part of the programme was taken up with an original humorous musical sketch, entitled "Parties," which was highly entertaining, the various dilemmas and awkward predicaments into which the bashful young man finds himself being faithfully portrayed. Part II. included the following: Song, "The Lighthouse Keeper"; Plantation ditty, "Dinah Joe"; Combeone solo, "The Lost Chord"; an oration on "The Cat's in the Fiddle," and solos and choruses from Broadbent's oratoria, "Gaspipes." During the evening two selections of music were given by Mr. Ernest Halsey.

The Wandsworth Choral and Orchestral Society has again commenced work, and whatever may be its ultimate fate, it seems, for the present at least, full of vitality. Mr. Thorne, the able secretary, is, of course, the soul of the thing. The first concert is already arranged for, and will be reported next month; the works down are Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the "Tannhäuser" overture, and other interesting compositions.

F. C.

Chopin.

BY LADISLAS BOGUSLAWSKI (1887).

Translated by NATALIE JANOTHA.

—:o:—

THIRTY-EIGHT years have passed—a short time ago—since Frederick Chopin died at Paris, in the arms of his friends.

The history of music notes the death of the great artist as the disappearance of one of the three brightest stars of Romanticism; one who had shone simultaneously with Mendelssohn and Schumann. The history of Polish art laments the silencing of a national poet not hitherto replaced; albeit that in the present day one hears, here and there, the opinion expressed that the muse of Chopin was—morbid.

It is, perhaps, not worth while to heed these utterances; or to notice, either in books or newspapers, or upon the stage, the caricatures there offered of a long-haired, pale Polish pianist—though, indeed, this is a trifling characteristic, among many great ones, which belong to Chopin. Times are changed now, and to-day people forget that period when amongst Chopin's friends were numbered such masters of European literature and art as Georges Sand, Meyerbeer, and Delacroix. "The Polish pianist" at present excites the laughter of the mob, and the music of Chopin "acts unhealthily on the nerves."

This is not said of Mendelssohn, who is looked upon as health, clearness, light, and calmness personified; nor of Schumann, the great writer of fantasy. It is Chopin alone who is a "morbid" poet. Indeed, the health, clearness, peace, and smile of satisfaction assigned to Mendelssohn, as well as the fantasy of Schumann, raised to a point of mystic exaltation, served to produce this impression of cosmopolitanism in art. Europe regards them as shining with equal lustre in every country comprised within her limits.

Chopin, however, is far differently judged. He also gave much to Europe; but having done his work he stood aloof and alone, having created something which now, more than ever, "irritates and disorders the nerves."

Let us now imagine this sensitive Europe personified. She sits down to the piano, and proceeds to play to herself a Polonaise by Chopin. "A Polonaise! Oh, heavens! what is there extraordinary in that? Every court ball begins with a Polonaise! Yet who could be reminded of a ball by music like this? In one part there is the thunder of battlefields, in another the boom of funeral peals; in another the deep silence of suffering is broken by a pathetic pastoral or a heartrending cry of despair. No, no, let me try a mazurka—something naive. Not long ago the minister X. and the wife of President T. danced this mazurka so charmingly in Polish costume!"

"Impossible! Call this a mazurka? Can any human being dance to it? You feel inclined, rather, to cry. You could wish that echoes which proceed from it would resound no more. I once heard it on my way to the fair. The shepherds' flutes were playing so sadly; while the Polish peasant, in the wayside inn, stamped his foot with such buoyancy. I like the peasant—he always interests me. But how could Chopin reveal this from far-off Paris? Why does he put so much drama into such a form of composition?"

"But I will try this waltz. Perhaps it will be a waltz, as it ought to be. I remember the chequered ambassador, Z., and how delightfully we whirled to the rhythm of the 'Blue Danube.'"

"What a strange being is Chopin! He even ignores the German style in a composition of this character. Who ever heard such a waltz? Here is a melancholy, a pensiveness, a sadness imported from across the Vistula. I must mention this matter to the proper authorities. Here is another instance of the way in which the German element in music is down-trodden! And irritated Europe pushes aside the dances, and looks for some pieces which may, perhaps, be more cosmopolitan."

"Nocturnes; melodious sighs by moonlight. Field for a time composed such things for me, and Mendelssohn brought to their utmost pitch of perfection these paintings of moonlit nights, enlivened by the dancing of the elves. Why did not Chopin follow in the footsteps of Field and of Mendelssohn? In these nocturnes of his the moon, obscured by a cloud, does not shine fairly; the sighs resound like groans; the elves are like mermaids; the beloved one has a face so serious and earnest that almost I dare not look into her eyes."

"But let us try to laugh with Chopin. He must surely know how to laugh if he writes *scherzi*."

"What is this? It is a moan, not a laugh! Poet, what do you wish? What storms rage in your bosom, what groans are these escaping from your heart, which is full of bitterness? Whom do you mock? Whom do you sneer at? What a terrible, despairing irony! Have done! I cannot listen to laughter like this."

Europe, who always prefers to listen to laughter rather than to weeping, leaves off playing, as she is very nervous, and she has to revive herself with smelling salts. After awhile she again seats herself at the piano. Now follow the preludes. The pianist once more resumes her cheerfulness of countenance.

"Of course, in the preludes, Chopin is sure to aim at being a cosmopolitan poet. A prelude is such a good, harmless, innocent thing—a piece of improvisation and nothing more." She plays—and begins to knit her brow.

From under her fingers issue whole poems, comprised sometimes within a few bars, sometimes within a few pages. The strange and enigmatic part of the matter is that, whether it be a whirlwind rushing in one place or a smile rippling in another, each incident seems to be a prophecy of something else which is about to happen.

"What can it be?" asks inquiring, restless Europe. "To what are these preludes an introduction?"

But this expectancy does not last long. People live quickly nowadays. It is waste of time to think of what may happen.

"I had better go on to the ballads. Anything which is a ballad must belong to history. Of all romanticism," says Europe to herself with pride, "we are entirely cured. In spirits, in ghosts, we do not believe." Therefore she opens the pages of the ballad and begins to play.

The beginning is peaceful, as if it were the narrative of a legendary tale. Suddenly another element mixes with the first one. The theme, which promised to be bright, gets overclouded, and goes on to become mournful amid nearing thunders. There is a dashing and a roaring of the whirlwind, and the fantastic terrors continue to grow, until, at last, out of a thundering *tutti*, appears a vision!

Europe, offended, nervous, terrified, leaps from her chair, and furiously locks up the piano. The cover of the instrument falls as if it were a coffin-lid. The harmonies of the last chord resound beneath it, and this grand artist, who has already arranged "so many concerts," and taken part in so many more, cannot banish from her ears the echoes of a simple ballad. Therefore, she says,

"This Chopin is morbid. His music unsettles the nerves."

Possibly so. There are certain themes, of which the repetition, in the style of the Wagnerian symphony, irritates civilised ears which wish to grow deaf to the voice of great collected sufferings. There are certain ballads which appear like an antiquated poetry to minds prosaically removed from romanticism. There are some spirits roaming about in the broad light of day; they are positive and incredulous as to any advanced life-culture.

And therefore they complain to each other that Chopin is the "morbid poet." They are people who fancy they can stifle the spirit of a composer under lock and key, like the sounds of a piano—who do not believe that there are things reputed morbid which hold up the life of humanity.

Thanks to these pangs, which strike a sympathetic chord in the heart, Chopin's fellow-countrymen find in him the poetry of suffering—no longer understood by dilettante Europe.

"Utopia Limited."

—:o:—

I DO not propose to imitate my brethren in clapping hands and generally making myself a jubilant nuisance because Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are once more dwelling together in unity. Of course I am pleased to see them friends, but I am pleased to see any other couple friendly too; and surely friendship is not such a common thing that one need write to the newspapers whenever an instance of it turns up. However, the result, and perhaps the cause, of the Gilbert-Sullivan fraternisation is a new Gilbert-Sullivan opera. It has been discovered that no couple save these gentlemen can write the operas these gentlemen write; and as there is a demand for their kind, and no other kind, they showed the wisdom of the serpent in becoming loving and business partners once more.

Of course the usual secrecy and mystery that attend the production of a Savoy opera were adroitly managed. Little bits of information were dropped; not enough to satisfy, but only to stimulate the public appetite; and, in consequence, the first night was as crammed as on any previous occasion. It may safely be said that "Utopia Limited" is neither better nor worse than any other Gilbert-Sullivan opera. Or I may put it this way: that the technicalities are better done than hitherto, but, as if to counteract the good effect of this, the inspiration both of librettist and composer is distinctly weaker. That I am not alone in taking this view may be seen from a perusal of the London papers. Some condemn and some praise the new work; all refer to Mr. Gilbert's humour, having become rather attenuated, and to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music as most delightful where it was most reminiscent. *The Daily Telegraph* says: "It would be altogether unreasonable to expect the musician of more than a dozen comic operas to go on producing strains new in character and expression. There is, after all, a limit to the capacity of dance rhythms, and generally to the resources which can be drawn upon for works of the class now under review. If, therefore, we do not find in 'Utopia Limited' a crowd of specially salient features, the fact simply means that the composer is subject to natural limitations." Allowing for the fact that Mr. Joseph Bennett is a friend and whilom collaborateur of Sir Arthur's, an unfriendly reader might easily translate these remarks into

plain English meaning that the composer had written himself out. The truth is, Sir Arthur Sullivan is no more written out now than he was twenty years since, and he will never be more written out than he is now. In "H.M.S. Pinafore" he hit upon the kind of thing that the public wanted, and he has continued ever since to turn out exactly that kind of thing. He will probably continue to turn it out as long as the public wants it, his only danger being that he may go on a little longer. That event seems far enough off at present, however.

The story is of Mr. Gilbert's usual fantastic sort. He starts with a preposterously impossible proposition, and with the greatest ingenuity works it out to its logically ridiculous conclusions. King Paramount is chief of an island, the governmental system of which is despotism tempered with dynamite. Tarara is his Majesty's exploder, and Scaphio and Phautis, who keep a close watch upon the time, tell him when to explode. There is a society paper, "The Palace Peeper," for which the king is compelled to write "disreputable attacks on his own moral character." The island gets bitten with Anglophobia, as France did a century ago, and nothing but English dress, customs, institutions, will serve; and when the curtain rises the arrival is awaited of the king's daughter, who is returning from completing her education at Girton. She brings with her a bunch of flowers of progress—an army man, a naval man, a lord chamberlain, a county councillor, a lawyer, and a company promoter. These gentlemen at once set to work to reorganise society on the proper basis, with results that will surprise and interest those who pay a visit to the Savoy within the next five hundred nights or so.

Death of M. Gounod.

WE deeply regret to announce that M. Gounod died on the 18th October, at his residence at Saint-Cloud.

The ailment which has suddenly struck down M. Gounod was paralysis of the brain. According to the physician, this seizure was in a measure brought on by M. Gounod's pertinacity in over-taxing his brain. His medical adviser, as long as three years ago, endeavoured to persuade him to rest.

Ask the man in the street by what he remembers Gounod, and the answer will come as pat as you please—"Faust." But this, like other judgments of our old friend, is a very brief and bald statement, although "Faust" will undoubtedly remain the chief claim to fame of the dead composer. He has also written masses and church music of all kinds, hymns, anthems, and even drawing-room songs. Among other operas than that by which he is best known are "Sappho," part of "Ulysse," "La Nonne Sanglante," "Le Médecin malgré lui," "Phlémon et Baucis," "La Reine de Saba"—known in England as "Irene"—which contain some specially fine and characteristic ballet-music; "Mirella," well remembered for its dainty overture; "Romeo and Juliet," "Polyeucte," and "Le Tribut de Zamora." Of his later works the chief are "Joan of Arc," "The Redemption," "Mors et Vita," and the "Requiem Mass," upon which, like Mozart, the composer was engaged so recently. This is neither the time nor the place to sum up the artistic merits and defects of M. Gounod as a musician.

Born in Paris, June 17, 1818, Charles François Gounod studied at the Conservatoire under such distinguished masters as Paer, Lesueur, and

Halévy. When the young musician was just 21 years old, he was fortunate enough to gain the first prize, which meant that he was free to go to Rome, there to complete his musical education. On his return to France, secular strains had little attraction for him, and his love for ecclesiasticism (in addition to the composition of some of the masses before-mentioned) showed itself in a resolution to take orders. Fortunately, although he went through part of his novitiate, this intention was abandoned, greatly to the enrichment of the lyric stage. "Sappho," his first opera, came out in 1851, but it was not until eight years later that musicians all over the world recognised clearly the birth of a new genius, the man who had given existence to "Faust" musically—to the full as great a feat as that of Goethe in creating a masterpiece in literature.

The struggling Parisian organist of over forty years ago could scarcely have foreseen the fame which would be his when he died; but if we take "Faust" alone, the world certainly owes a debt of vast proportions to Charles Gounod.—*Westminster Gazette.*

The North Staffordshire Musical Festival.

SHOULD any human being have the misfortune to visit the dreary, desolate, smoke-begrimed excrescence of brick and mortar more familiarly known as the Potteries, he or she would, I make no doubt, be astonished to learn that from amidst surroundings so ugly there could be produced one of the most artistic and intelligent bodies of sweet singers the country can boast. Yet such is the case; and by the aid of these, assisted by a fine orchestra and a first-rate conductor, the North Staffordshire Musical Festival of 1893 (the third time of trying) must be pronounced a decided success.

The only fault to be found therewith is one which I have called attention to in these pages with (I fear) damnable iteration, viz., that although the highest-priced seats are only partly bought up by the wealthy residents—who could if they chose attend in crowds—the lowest charge for admission is one that is absolutely prohibitive to the great majority of the working classes. The object of musical festivals, as I take it, is to popularise high-class music. How, then, is this to be done if the masses are debarred from attending them? To a locked-out collier or toiling "pot-girl," the sum of two shillings is too considerable a percentage of a weekly salary to be spent in musical festivities. Therefore, I repeat, the attempt to popularise good music among such will never be successful until a plan is devised of enabling them to attend the best musical performances for a small sum.

The festival was inaugurated on the evening of the 19th ult. The work performed was Berlioz's "Faust," with a chorus of 280 voices, a band of 75 performers from Hallé's and the Birmingham orchestras led by Mr. Willy Hess, with Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. Henry Piercy and Mr. Watkin Mills as principals, and Dr. Swinnerton Heap as conductor.

Berlioz's "Faust," the work of one of the most brilliant geniuses ever destined to achieve posthumous fame, is heard far too seldom in this country. Therefore, let us give thanks to those who were responsible for its production on this occasion. Of the performance, taken as a whole, little, if any, fault can be found. Miss Palliser sang sweetly and tenderly the part of Margaret; Mr. Henry Piercy, although not in his best voice, was unusually effective as Faust; and to the part of Mephistopheles Mr. Watkin Mills gave the necessary sardonic cynicism. Mr. William Evans, who sang the "Brander's Song" in good style, must not be forgotten. The band, as was only to be expected from trained artistes, were excellent through-

out, the famous "Hungarian March" and the graceful "Ballet of Sylphs" serving to display their powers.

Before exhausting all the musically available adjectives, come we now to a criticism of the chorus. As on former occasions, they showed intelligence and artistic feeling in their grasp of the music. The voices were well-balanced and of excellent quality throughout, showing power and precision in the "Chorus of Peasants" and "Easter Hymn," dramatic force in the "Drinking Chorus" and "Pandemonium Chorus," and charming sweetness and delicacy in the choruses of "Sylphs" and "Celestial Spirits." Mention should also be made of the good quality of the tenor and contralto voices. The work was enthusiastically received by a crowded audience.

On the morning of October 20 the following programme was gone through:

PART I.

Symphony in C Minor (No. 5, Op. 67) ... *Beethoven.*
Part-song ... "Moonlight" ... *Eaton Fanning.*
Scena ... "The Templar's Soliloquy" ("Ivanhoe") ... *Sullivan.*

Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies.

Pibroch (Suite) for Violin and Orchestra ... *Mackenzie.*
Mr. Willy Hess.

PART II.

Cantata ... "The Bride of Dunkerron" ... *Smart.*

The Victoria Hall, Hanley, was again well filled. The band, under Dr. Heap's conductorship, gave a perfect rendering of Beethoven's magnificent work. In Mackenzie's Pibroch Suite Mr. Willy Hess was not at his best, apparently owing to illness. No doubt, however, was left as to the high rank the work is destined to take among this class of compositions.

Eaton Fanning's unaccompanied part-song was sung by the choir in their best style, the lights and shades being well indicated and the pitch sustained. This was conducted by Mr. F. Mountford, the hard-working chorus-master. Sullivan's song from "Ivanhoe," not too well sung by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, was conducted by the composer, who, with Dr. Parry, was again present, and whose popularity was demonstrated by the enthusiastic greeting he received.

Smart's delightful Cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron," proved to be one of the gems of the festival, probably never having been better rendered. The principals, Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, were all in good form, and the choral work, which is not heavy, was performed artistically and well by the choir. The quality of tone was again admirable, the sopranos crisp and bright, the altos round and soft, the tenors clear, and the basses sonorous.

By the way, why is it that musical performances are graced by such an unusual number of parsons? On this particular occasion the air was positively black with the *genus* clerical. There were all sorts, sizes and shapes, from the fat-paunched Catholic priest to the lean and shuffling leader of Little Bethel.

On the evening of October 20 the festival was brought to an end by a performance of "Elijah," the principals being Miss Medora Henson, the new American soprano, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills. By a curious combination of coincidences, each lady principal had met with a somewhat serious accident earlier in the week, necessitating their being assisted into the hall. The appearance of Miss Medora Henson, the young prima donna of the Royal English Opera and pupil of Mr. Carl Henschel, excited great interest. She possesses a voice of great beauty and power, and, moreover, of excellent *timbre*. In sacred music I do not think, however, she will shine as brightly as in opera. It being next to impossible to say anything new of Mendelssohn's oratorio, I will content myself by stating that the performance went with a "swing" from start to finish; that the audience manifested as much delight as a highly respectable, well-bred audience can permit itself to show; and that principals, band, chorus, and conductor each and all covered themselves with glory and honour, and thereby brought to a triumphant conclusion the best series of musical performances ever heard in North Staffordshire.

J. P. S.

Miss Ellen Terry on Operatic Acting.

SOME time since I called upon Miss Ellen Terry, by appointment, at the Lyceum Theatre. When I arrived at the stage-door I was told she was still "on," but would be "off" presently: meantime, did I mind waiting? etc.

Of course I didn't mind waiting, and watched the carpenters, scene-shifters, and limelight men swinging their huge pieces of machinery—the most perfect machinery in the world, I was told. Presently a noise—it might have been the roar of an excited mob outside the theatre—accompanied by variously-clad figures flitting to their dressing-rooms, told me that the curtain was down. Presently "Miss Terry would be pleased to see me in her dressing-room."

There was serious business on hand, evidently. Miss Terry was vigorously driving her views as to the arrangement of her hair into the head of her hair-dresser—that is, the man who makes her wigs. I should not say wigs, however. For Miss Terry wears her own hair, and merely adds when she is to play a rather juvenile character, such as Cordelia or Rosamund. On this occasion, the supplementary portion did not harmonize with the substratum of genuine, and that was the cause of the trouble. Presently the matter was settled, and turning to me with a smile, Miss Terry began:

"This seems a trifle to you, but I assure you it's no trifle to us. One can't act unless one feels like the character."

I assured her I understood it was no trifle, or, at any rate, it was about such a trifle I had called on her.

"O yes, I know," replied Miss Terry. "I shall be so glad to talk to you about operatic singing. What will you ask me first?"

"Well," I began, "this is my difficulty: I want to improve on the present mode of training operatic singers, and am undecided as to the relative advantages of two methods. I don't know whether in studying an operatic 'part' to learn the music first, or to leave that until words and acting are thoroughly mastered."

Miss Terry at once threw herself upon the problem with ardour.

"I see," she said. "You mean that operatic actors at present don't act—they merely sing—and you want to train the younger ones to become more 'all-round' artists. Is that right?"

I assented.

"Well, now," Miss Terry proceeded, "it depends. In the first place, I quite agree that you don't now see real acting on the operatic stage. A good deal is talked about the Wagnerian acting, but it is all nonsense. I'm very fond indeed of music, and I like to hear operas, Wagner and other, played on the piano or sung at concerts. But when I see the singers stumping about the stage—oh no! it's too ridiculous. It spoiled 'Tristan und Isolde' for me when I heard it at Covent Garden." This was uttered rapidly—but now there was a sudden stop before she went on slowly and meditatively: "Do you know, I sometimes think the Wagner ideal cannot be attained. We here, for instance, have often to choose between a good musical and a dramatic effect. Naturally, we choose the dramatic—the music goes to the wall. Now, in opera the actor may often *want* to choose between a dramatic and a musical effect; but as a matter of fact he has no choice: the music is there for him, he cannot alter it—or what a storm there would be if he did!" The famous actress's enthusiasm was getting up again; she

ran on more and more rapidly and energetically. "Suppose he feels ever so strongly that he ought to rush forward at a certain point—well, he may not be able to do it: he has to count one, two, three, four, for twenty bars, and the time is past! It is on that account I think combined singing and acting cannot be so perfect a form of dramatic art as the 'spoken play.' Something must go. Here it is music—if there is a song we are content to have it sung only middling well—at the opera it must be the acting."

"But," I interposed, "you will agree that operatic acting might be greatly improved."

"Decidedly. I merely say there must be certain shortcomings. But you mustn't forget that opera altogether is far behind the ordinary play. Take the scenery, for instance. Until Wagner 'reformed' things, it was of the crudest sort; and even his machinery is far behind ours here. Still, there is no reason why acting and scenery should not be brought 'up to date.' If you ask me which of the two plans you mentioned is best—why, do you know, I don't think there is a best. As I said at first, it depends—upon the singers. I certainly think they should *see* the opera done by other people many times, if they are young. Young people learn by imitation."

At this moment a "middling" tall young man entered the room, asked for his letters, got them, and disappeared.

"That is 'Master Terry,'" said Miss Terry—"my son, known as Gordon Craig. He has come here since he was so high" (indicating about one foot three!) "and the old name sticks. Take him, for example: he worships Mr. Irving just now, and imitates him in every way. One can't object, for only in that way will he form a method and style of his own. That is what young opera-artists should do."

"But," I began—

"I know!" Miss Terry eagerly interposed. "You mean, who shall they imitate? Of course it is bad that there is no permanent opera which serves as a 'school.' Of course you know the Lyceum, Haymarket, and other theatres are all in their way 'schools.' Lots of future actors and actresses attend regularly for no other reason than to learn. But to return. I should think that, music being the one thing that cannot be altered in an opera, the best plan would be to learn the music first. Then bit by bit 'build' on that, adapting gestures, facial movements, and so on, so as to get the greatest amount of dramatic expression without interfering with the music. As you may have read, I always build up my part. I try everything until I feel I have got what is in perfect keeping with the character I am impersonating. Gestures, etc., are on exactly the same footing as dress or hair: I must feel that they fit the character. Then when I go on the stage there is nothing to remind me that I am not really the person I am acting, and I laugh, cry, hop, and the rest of it in real earnest."

But I wanted to have my point thrashed out, and made a 'cut back' thus. "Yet, don't you think, Miss Terry, as the acting is so all-important in the modern opera, that it would be well to study it first, and afterwards modify it to suit the music?"

Miss Terry was emphatic.

"No. I can't say it would not suit some people, but as a general method I think it would be wasteful of time—it is taking a round about road where there is a short cut, or like getting a dress made much too long, and afterwards cutting it down. It is a question of the materials you have to deal with. When music and acting go together it will be found constantly that one or the other needs modification. Now in opera the music cannot be altered, and therefore the acting must

be: so why learn the thing wrong, and have to do it again? Here we would alter the music in such a case. Let me give you an example. Mr. Irving has no knowledge of music—technical knowledge, that is. Take the case of 'Macbeth,' for which our friend Sir Arthur Sullivan composed the music. In certain places Mr. Irving didn't seem to get along, he looked uneasy—this is when we were rehearsing, remember. Sir Arthur came up: 'Doesn't that fit you, Irving?' he would say. 'Why no, Arthur, it doesn't.' 'Let us try something else, then!' And accordingly 'something else' would be written. If at the next rehearsal it still 'didn't fit,' Mr. Irving would say, 'I want something of this sort, tum-te-tum-te-tum!' Sir Arthur would say, 'All right, I'll try!' And so they went on until they got exactly the right thing. Sir Arthur, although he is an opera composer, knew that here his music must be adapted to our words and our acting. Similarly, your acting must be adapted to the 'fixed element'—your music."

Music at the Foundling Hospital, with Sundry Recollections of Handel.

THE first thing that the well-informed musical visitor to the Foundling Hospital probably thinks of is Handel's connection with the institution, and the fact of his having presented an organ to it. In truth it makes an interesting chapter in the history of music, this association of the great master, who made his home amongst us, with one of our leading charitable institutions. In Handel's day the Foundling was quite a young foundation. During the reign of Queen Anne the scheme of such a charity had more than once been projected, but for want of the necessary exertion and enthusiasm the idea was never turned into practical shape. In 1713 Addison called the special attention of the public to the matter in *The Guardian*, but even then the desired effect did not immediately follow. Some few years afterwards Mr. Thomas Coram, a benevolent seaman, undertook to establish the institution, and after a lapse of seventeen years, succeeded in obtaining the charter from George II., in October, 1739. Coram opened his first building for the reception of the little outcasts on March 25, 1741. This, it will be remembered, was the year in which "The Messiah" was composed, and the circumstance is worth noting in view of the after connection of that oratorio with the institution.

We have said the first building, for the original "Foundling" was situated in Hatton Garden. It was capable of accommodating a large number of children, who were maintained at the founder's expense, on the proceeds of the fortune he had earned as master of a trading vessel, and from the first the charity was free. "Any person bringing a child," says Timbs in his "Curiosities of London," "rang the bell at the inner door, and waited to hear if the infant was returned—from disease—or at once received, no questions whatever being asked as to whom the child belonged or whence it was brought; and when the full number of children had been taken in, a notice of 'The House is Full' was affixed over the door. Often there were one hundred children offered when only twenty could be admitted; riots ensued, and thenceforth the women balloted for admission

by drawing balls out of a bag." In course of time the institution outgrew its original home, and donations were accepted to meet the enormous increase of its expense. The present well-known buildings were completed in 1750, and opened in that year on January 19, and—to quote Mr. Rockstro—"Taking into consideration the scale on which they were designed, and the number of children they were destined to receive, we can well understand that Handel's generous help was not unwelcome as an adjunct to Captain Coram's large-hearted liberality."

It was in 1749 that the great master first thought of giving his aid to the Foundlings. "On May 4, 1749," says Brownlow in his "Chronicles" of the institution, "Handel attended the committee at the Hospital, and offered a performance of vocal and instrumental music, the money arising therefrom to be applied towards the finishing of the chapel. For this act of benevolence he was immediately enrolled as one of the governors and guardians of the Hospital." The performance, which took place on May 27, seems to have been on a big scale for these early days, the band and chorus numbering together something like a hundred performers. According to the quaint statement of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "There was no collection, but the tickets were at half-a-guinea, and the audience above a thousand, besides a gift of £2,000 from his Majesty, and £50 from an unknown." Amongst the pieces performed on the occasion was what is now known as the Foundling Hospital Anthem, "Blessed are they that consider the poor"; and a copy of this work, partly in Handel's handwriting, now forms one of the institution's most prized relics.

But this was only the beginning of the great composer's benefactions to the Foundling. His next thought was of an organ for the institution, and as most of the pipe-work of the original instrument is still in use, it may be interesting to dwell for a little on this special gift of the old master. The celebrity of Messrs. Glyn and Parker, the builders of the instrument, seems to have been of rather a local character. They had their place of business at Salford, near Manchester, and naturally therefore the larger number of their instruments were built for Lancashire and the neighbouring counties. One organ, that of Poynton Church, attracted the notice of Handel, and it is said to have been owing to his satisfaction with this particular specimen of his work that he employed Parker to erect the famous instrument for the Foundling.

There is a curious statement in the *European Magazine* for February, 1799, anent the organ: "Handel," we read, "did not give the organ to the Foundling Hospital. It was built at the expense of the charity, under the direction of Dr. Smith, the learned master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who added demitones and some of the niceties not occurring in other organs." This statement, however, is entirely discredited by an advertisement in the *General Advertiser* of the time. This advertisement is signed by the secretary of the Foundling, and begins thus: "George Frederick Handel, Esq., having presented this Hospital with a very fine organ for the chapel thereof, and repeated his offer of assistance to promote this charity, on Tuesday, the 1st day of May, 1750, at 12 o'clock noon, Mr. Handel will open the said organ, and the sacred oratorio called 'Messiah' will be performed under his direction." This is explicit enough, and indeed nobody but the *European Magazine* writer ever seems to have thrown any doubts upon the matter. Parker's original instrument has been much and widely extolled, both for its sweet, mellow tone and for the completeness of its mechanism. A curious point about the latter, as Mr. Rockstro reminds us,

was its provision for four enharmonic intervals, furnishing distinct sounds for G sharp, A flat, A sharp, B flat, C sharp, D flat, D sharp, E flat. The instrument had three manuals and twenty-one stops, the keys for the natural notes being, as usual with old organs, of ebony, and those for the sharp notes of ivory. The instrument has, of course, been rebuilt and enlarged since Handel's day; but it retains in its old pipes the original fine quality of tone, and the musical visitor to the chapel services is never likely to forget while listening to it that he is listening to some of the identical sounds which, at the touch of his finger, fell on the ear of Handel himself.

Having given the organ, the composer of the "Messiah" continued to give of his music for the benefit of the hospital. Eleven performances in all were put forward of the "Messiah" during the master's lifetime. These brought in a very large amount, which was further swelled by the performances continued by Smith, Handel's amanuensis, after the composer's death. According to Burney, the sum realized on behalf of the charity from the "Messiah" alone amounted to £10,299.

After all this evidence of good-will towards the hospital one would naturally suppose that Handel's relations with the governors were of such a nature as could hardly have been disturbed by any misunderstanding. But this was not the case. Strangely enough, the trouble arose over the "Messiah," a manuscript copy of which the composer had gifted to the hospital for its exclusive use. The score of the oratorio remained unpublished during Handel's lifetime, and this gift therefore "involved privileges of performance which, notwithstanding the vexatious state of the law, were in those days practically strong enough to set at defiance the dishonesty of a pirate like the elder Arne, who had brought out 'Acis and Galatea' without any authority whatever." But the hospital governors wanted to have some legal protection of their privileges, and accordingly they drew up a petition asking Parliament to bring in a bill solely for the purpose of securing these privileges, so that no one else should have the right to perform "that composition of musick called the oratorio of the 'Messiah.'" According to his latest biographer, when the petition was shown to Handel he was furious. Although, if the elder Arne could have obtained an authentic copy of the score the law as it existed would not have kept him from using it to his own advantage, the idea of obtaining guarantees against such an act of piracy was abhorrent to a man who had always been guided by the very soul of honour. Handel's phrases were not delicately measured when he was in a temper. "The devil!" he cried, "for what shall the Foundlings put mine oratorio in the Parliament? The devil! Mine music shall not go to the Parliament!" And it did not; though, angry as he was, he was, as Mr. Rockstro says, too good a Christian to suffer the outrage to his personal feelings to affect the continuance of his large-hearted charity.

Well, as we have already remarked, the intelligent musical visitor to the Foundling Hospital of to-day thinks of all these things. But he thinks of much more. First of all, he probably, as he takes his seat on a Sunday morning, thinks of the pretty chapel in which he finds himself. It is certainly one of the most handsome edifices of the Georgian era—simple, roomy, light, and comfortable, with stained-glass windows, showing the arms of numerous donors and benefactors. In Handel's day the present galleries were not in existence, and it was then calculated that the chapel would hold about a thousand people if the ladies would lay aside their hoops and the gentlemen their swords!

Nowadays, a thousand would be a very small number on a bright summer morning, for our country cousins have long since marked out the Foundling as one of the "lions" of London, and the courteous attendants are often perplexed in the matter of seating accommodation. The interest begins when the girls in their high caps and white pinafores and the boys in their sober brown are seen filing into their seats in the steep gallery around the organ. This is indeed one of the prettiest sights in London. The gallery is practically an orchestra, with the boys on one side and the girls on the other, the organ and professional choir occupying the centre. The six principals—soprano, contralto, two tenors and two basses—have long formed the leading feature in the musical services; and as the Governors have not grumbled at the expense, some of the most celebrated singers of the day—including Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Weiss, and others—have, at various times, been engaged.

The children's choir is made up, we believe, of something like a hundred voices, the girls taking the soprano part and the boys the contralto. What the musical training of all these juveniles means to the organist only those who have had to do with children can fully appreciate. According to Mr. Spencer Curwen, whatever may be understood by the doctrine of original sin, choirs, and especially choirs of boys and girls, in their natural state are very depraved. They mispronounce, they spoil the phrases of the music, and they sing woefully out of tune. Yea, they do all those things—but not at the Foundling. The pronunciation there is as clear as anything you will hear in the Metropolis, and the frequent silence of the organ in the Psalms and hymns shows that the player is as little anxious about the loss of pitch as if such a thing as false intonation were unknown. The hymns are a notable feature of the service, the verses being very often taken alternately by the children and the professional choir. When we were there the other Sunday morning one of the hymns was Faber's "O Paradise, O Paradise," sung to Henry Smart's well-known tune, and the effect of the arrangement which we have just mentioned was beautiful in the extreme. The singing is indeed almost as perfect as it could be under the circumstances. There is, of course, great need for more tenor and bass voices to support the large body of soprano and contralto; but perhaps the introduction of the necessary number of adults would be objected to as altering somewhat the special character of the services. The voices of the congregation are, as a rule, very little heard except in the hymns. Probably it is as well, for after all Mr. Willing was right in arguing that a crowd of people coming together promiscuously once a week cannot be expected to make anything but a disagreeable noise.

The mention of Mr. Willing's name reminds us of how much he did for the music of the Foundling. He believed greatly in unaccompanied practice, and in this way he got his choir into the habit of singing alone, without losing the pitch, sometimes as many as five or six verses of a hymn. He compiled a psalter and hymnal for the special use of the institution, and his large repertoire is still evidenced in a collection of the words of nearly 150 anthems. The post of organist to the Foundling is probably one of the most valuable offices of the kind in London. Mr. Willing used to receive £200 a year, though we believe his successor started with a stipend of £150. When he resigned, the governors placed the appointment unreservedly in the hands of Sir John Stainer, who decided on the present organist, Mr. M. B. Foster, a cultured musician, who worthily upholds the traditions of a place that has been musical from the first.

The Composition of the Month.

M. SAINT-SAËNS' "SAMSON ET DALILA."

ONE fine or dull day in the winter of 1877, or, to be more accurate, on December 2 of that year, there was in the little town of Weimar a host of musicians and musical people, who had come from the ends of the earth to see a new opera produced. It was only sixteen years since, and one has to reflect on the extent to which affairs musical have changed since then. Ludicrously impossible as it may seem at this date, people were actually wondering whether Herr Richard Wagner or Mr. Joseph Bennett was correct in his estimate of the former's works—literary and musical. Now the battle is fought and won; then the combatants were picking up chairs with a view to a little preliminary skirmishing. Naturally, at such a time, Wagner was little understood—possibly as little by his supporters as his enemies. And naturally also, when a Brilliant Young Frenchman came along with the unusual-looking score of an opera, built upon an even more unusual subject, it was at once concluded that the B. Y. F. was the disciple of and the natural successor to Richard Wagner. You will see that this conclusion was almost inevitable, if you remember and can apply the ancient syllogism:

"All men are animals,
All donkeys are animals,
Therefore,
All men are donkeys."

Wagner was unusual, the B. Y. F. was unusual, therefore the B. Y. F. was Wagner, or at least his successor. Therefore, also, the B. Y. F.'s opera must at once be mounted and produced with such pomp and circumstance as Weimar's resources afforded. And the fame of the said opera was noised abroad, and to get back to the point I commenced, on December 2, 1877, Weimar held a brilliant crowd which had come to the production of M. Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila."

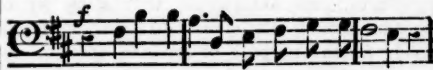
M. Saint-Saëns had been unsuccessful with his previous operas in Paris, and it may be he sought a more appreciative audience in the little German town made famous by association with Bach's and Goethe's names. Or there may have been other reasons. Anyhow, the work was produced there, and the audience which came to pray remained (I am sadly afraid) to scoff. For the truth is that M. Saint-Saëns' opera, though indeed unusual, was unusual in quite a different way to Wagner's way. The audience, as one gathers from the faded pages of the journals of December, 1878, and January, 1879, was disappointed; though they might not, like Job, curse the day they were born, yet there is every reason to suspect that (under their breaths) they did apply injurious terms to the day when the directors of the Weimar opera summoned them to hear the great new work. Since that date "Samson et Dalila" has been very seldom sung, except in Paris last year. So that the production of the work in England is nothing less than an "event"; and whether we like the music or not it is another obligation of the many we are under to Mr. Farley Sinkins and Mr. Cowen. It was originally my intention to discuss the Norwich Festival new works, but, frankly, this of M. Saint-Saëns is so much more (to speak as the vulgar) "on the spot" at present, that I am making it the "Composition of the Month." After so much prelude, rendered necessary by the fact that probably few of my

readers know the historic interest of the work, let me plunge at once into the midst of things.

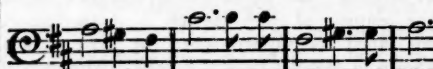
The story of Samson and Delilah is so well known that it is needless to once again repeat it. This story M. Saint-Saëns or his librettist has taken and turned into—well, let me make a comparison, which of course will be odious. We all, I say, know the original story: the sturdy strength with which it is told, and how Samson preserves his dignity even after all his momentary weakness has brought him adversity. Again, we know Handel's oratorio, to which only one oft-misused word is applicable,—it is sublime. The barbaric splendour of the pagan choruses, the exaltation of "Then round about the starry throne," the pathos of "Return, O God of hosts" and "Ye sons of Israel," the tenderness betrayed by the miraculous "Rest eternal" phrase—when we remember all these we are bound to think that M. Saint-Saëns, in venturing to go over the same ground, is attempting something which might frighten the boldest and greatest of musical masters. But M. Saint-Saëns is, if not a bold, at any rate an ingenious, man. He avoids the difficulty by simply not going over the same ground. So far, so good—what does he do instead? Well, he makes of the rugged, giant figure of Samson a *boulevardier* extraordinarily susceptible to the influence of the bright eyes of the ballet-dancer; the fascinating fanatic Delilah has no other charms than those freely displayed in Piccadilly at midnight; for the fresh, bracing atmosphere and limited wardrobes of the old story, we have the newest scents, the prettiest fancy dresses, with paint and powder, as it were, thrown in.

The opera opens with a scene in which the despondent Israelites are imploring help from the God of their fathers. The accompaniment is a simple semiquaver figure. Presently the basses lead off vigorously and cheerfully with a fugue-subject:

Allegro non troppo.



Nous avons vu nos ci-tes ren-ver sées,



et les gen-tils pro-fan-ant ton aut-el.

the words being, curiously enough, "We have seen our cities overturned and the Gentiles profane Thy altars." Presently Samson comes in, with a phrase that is used not so much to represent him as his high purpose of leading his people to victory:



He urges them to cheer up, but they sadly respond, "Il ne sont plus, ces temps où le Dieu de nos pères." However, they eventually cheer up to an extent; and appropriately enough Abimelech enters:



With such a noisy, fussy theme it is evident he "means business," and having challenged Sam-

son—who has no weapon—he presently finds himself with sufficient on his hands. For Samson seizes his sword and promptly ends Abimelech and all his business in this life. In the next scene Delilah commences her attempts to draw away Samson from the paths of virtue, and, he praying for help, is nearly drawn in spite of himself. She has just seen the corpse of Abimelech, and is determined to take revenge. She congratulates Samson on his victory, and contrives to insinuate that he has overcome one weaker than his late foe, much harder to overcome, and much fairer than him and more worth possessing. He, however, is too strong to be "had" all at once, and she goes off, while he stands hesitating and much troubled in mind. Of course, no (French) opera is complete without one ballet or more, and M. Saint-Saëns goes off with the usual thing:



And it is only fair to say this part of the music is steeped in sensuous languor to the necessary degree. There are also the startling effects beloved of Parisian audiences, and much more cleverly done than Paris usually hears them. In fact, M. Saint-Saëns knowing he has to startle, startles, and in such a way that one is reminded of Schumann's remark about Berlioz's effects, "that he left a smell of sulphur behind."

Delilah has invited Samson to her lonely house in the Valley of Sorek. It is a lovely scene, filled with plants, flowers, and trees of varied and beautiful colours, and growing in tropical luxuriance. It is evening, and night gradually closes in as the scene progresses. Delilah sits alone, anxiously awaiting her victim's arrival, for she longs for vengeance for the slain Abimelech. Presently the high-priest, who has a characteristic phrase,



enters, and tells Delilah the secret of Samson's hair. The two sing a duet commencing:



with a running semiquaver figure, and then the high-priest goes off to make way for Samson, who comes on. Need I tell the finish? In persuasive accents Delilah tempts Samson into her dwelling; they enter; the love-music goes on for some time, and suddenly Delilah shouts: "Help, Philistines!" and Samson: "Treason!" Philistine soldiers rush in, and we know Samson's doom is sealed.

We next see him in prison working at some machine, whilst the Israelites taunt him with having betrayed their precious selves into captivity through the love of a woman. Then Philistine soldiers enter and drag him to make sport in the temple of Dagon for those who are assembled there to praise that deity. The high-priest mixes, and Delilah offers him, poison, which he refuses, and presently, praying for help from above, seizes the pillars of the temple and brings about the well-known catastrophe. The curtains drop, the work is at end.

J. F. R.

A Tale of an Examination.

BY HENRY FISHER, MUS. DOC.

CHAPTER II. THE EXAM.

AT length the day arrived. For the last fortnight Ethel had worked desperately. She had played her scales morning, noon, and night. She had played them slowly, she had played them quickly. She had played them *legato*, she had played them *staccato*. She had, indeed, played them with every variety of style she could think of. She had worked at her arpeggios in a similar manner. So far as technical work was concerned she felt that she had done everything that lay in her power. Her pieces she played over and over again, until they had become utterly repugnant to her. Every now and then she discovered an error which had hitherto escaped her notice. With fierce energy she practised the passages in which these errors lay, but found them very difficult to eradicate, from the fact that she had become habituated to them. Sometimes, in a kind of despair, she felt as if she were vainly trying to surmount an impassable barrier, and was momentarily inclined to give up the struggle. Then her pugnacity was aroused, and with a stamp of her foot she ejaculated: "I won't be beaten!"

But how fared it with her friend Maggie? She had plodded on, not trying to do too much, but always making secure what she had gained. To anyone watching her from day to day her progress would have appeared to be *nil*; but each week, and each month, marked a distinct advance. She did not strain after startling effects and exaggerated contrasts, but strove to make each portion of the piece occupy its appropriate position in a judiciously blended musical mosaic. She had plenty of discouragements, but by quiet determination they were overcome.

To ensure their being punctual at the examination-room, Maggie called for Ethel in good time. On their way there was very little talk, for obvious reasons, although Ethel would have stoutly denied that she was in the least nervous. But her rather boisterous manner was sufficient evidence that, perhaps unconsciously to herself, she was trying to keep up her spirits. When they entered the ante-room they found several girls waiting their turn. For it was the custom of the local organiser, when making out the time-table, to ensure there being plenty of work for the examiner by asking each candidate to be in attendance at least half an hour before he or she could possibly be required. This is rather an unpleasant experience for the waiting candidates, and on this occasion it was exaggerated by the fact that the examiner was not punctual in commencing his work.

Whilst the two friends were waiting their turn they had plenty of opportunities for gaining or losing courage by observing what went on. They heard the faint tones of a piano, on which was being played one of the pieces which they themselves had learnt, or else one which they did not recognise, and so judged it to be one of the other pieces in the list. Then there was an interval of silence, obviously devoted to questions, and which seemed interminable to the waiting candidates, and then a girl, with a very flushed face, emerged from the examination-room. This process was repeated several times. Those who had just been examined

had a good deal to say about their experiences; they spoke of the examiner's manner, about which they differed in the most uncompromising way, for whilst one said he was very cross, another averred that he was most kind. The piano was condemned by all. Its touch was too light and too heavy, its tone too loud and too soft; in fact, it had every fault to which a poor, fallible piano is subject.

At last Ethel's turn came. When she entered the examination-room she was agreeably surprised and much gratified to find that the mental picture she had drawn of the examiner was altogether erroneous. Instead of the ogre suggested by the literature of her childhood, she found a rather elderly gentleman of kindly manners, whose chief object was to place her at her ease. She sat down to the piano, and at the examiner's request commenced to play the valse. For a little while she went on swimmingly, but suddenly she played a false note, in an easy passage with which she was perfectly familiar. This error revealed to her the fact, of which she was not previously cognisant, that she was very nervous, and she longed for the moment when her examination should be over. With a strong mental effort she regained command of her startled faculties, and played more carefully to the end of the piece. She then played the piece by Mendelssohn with fair success. But her anxiety to be accurate prevented her from giving all the grace and expression to the music which would have distinguished its performance in her own room. The examiner then asked her to play some easy scales, a task which she accomplished satisfactorily except that her newly-discovered nervousness caused her to hurry the notes. He then said, "Play the scale of B flat major in sixths, commencing near the top of the keyboard." She was horrified, for it had never occurred either to Maggie or herself that such a plan of scale playing might be asked for. It is very curious that girls who would have not the least difficulty in playing a scale of which the first part ascends, should be utterly at sea if asked to reverse their usual plan. So it was with Ethel. She made two or three false starts, and at last had to give it up in despair. She said, "I can play that scale well enough, if you will allow me to begin at the bottom." "Very well," replied the examiner, "try it in your own way." This time she was quite successful. After playing a few arpeggios, a piece of music was given her to read at sight. It looked easy and straightforward, so Ethel dashed at it with confidence. She had been going on swimmingly for some time, when the presence of some accidental sharps and a double sharp pulled her up rather smartly. She stopped and looked anxiously at the copy for a minute or so, when the examiner said, "What is the matter?"

She looked again, to make sure, and then ejaculated, "Oh, I see now, I have been playing in three flats instead of four sharps."

"I had observed that," the examiner replied, "and wondered how soon you would find out your mistake. Suppose you recommence the piece." Ethel felt happy again, for she was a good reader, and consequently acquitted herself in a highly satisfactory manner.

He then said, "Play the scale of C sharp major." She was simply horrified! she had never heard of such a scale! In a state of desperation she moved her hands to the C sharp, but was unable to go on. She was in such a nervous condition that she simply could not work out the successive notes, in what to her appeared to be an utterly unknown major scale. After waiting a few seconds, the examiner said, "Well, never mind; play the scale of D flat major." This was done satisfactorily, of

course, but Ethel felt very much disgusted to think that she had been so dense.

Now came the *viva voce*. First, a few questions on intervals. "Which intervals are perfect? Which are minor? What is a major 3rd on B? A major 3rd below A flat?" Ethel was staggered with the last question, for she had never calculated intervals downwards: so she made a desperate shot at the answer, and was wrong, of course—she said E instead of F flat. "What is the inversion of a minor 3rd? Of a diminished 7th? Of an octave?" "The inversion of an octave," said Ethel, "it's—it's—Oh, I know, it's nothing." "Do you mean a unison?" said the examiner. "Yes," was the reply. "How many semi-quavers in a double dotted semibreve?" This required a little care, but was answered correctly. Ethel felt that she was on dangerous ground now, for, like most girls, time was her weak point. "How many beats in a bar of six-four time? Is it simple or compound? Why is it called compound?" So far all was correct. Then came an apparently simple problem, which nineteen out of twenty girls would fail to solve. "Divide a crotchet into three equal parts; write down the result on this sheet of music paper." She tried several times, and then gave it up in despair. "What is the major key with two sharps?" "The minor key with four flats?" "The minor key with six sharps?" These were correctly answered, and then came the startling question, "What is the major key with ten flats?" Ethel ejaculated, "I never knew there was such a key—is there one?" "Yes," said the examiner, "there is no signature for it, of course." Ethel wondered how much longer this inquisition was going to last. The examiner said: "Give some words which mean, slacken the speed." She gave three of the most usual. "Now some which mean, quicken the speed." After saying "accelerando," she stopped, utterly unable to think of any others. "What is the meaning of *andante*? *presto*? *calando*? *martellato*?" Each was correctly answered. The examiner then asked for the meaning of *piu*. Ethel, calling to her aid her knowledge of French, said, "little," not by any means the first girl who has made this mistake. Then, to her great relief, she was informed that her examination was over.

It was now Maggie's turn. To all outward appearance she was quite cool and collected, but an intimate friend like Ethel could detect numerous small signs which indicated that under this calm exterior there was a considerable amount of physical and mental commotion. What a very curious thing is nervousness—that a person should find a quite common and ordinary thing very difficult to accomplish, just because the surrounding circumstances are unusual, and not only this, but should actually be terrified at the idea of doing that very common and ordinary thing which would usually call for not the slightest apprehension. When Maggie entered the room, she felt as if in a dream. When she played her pieces, the piano had for her a muffled, far-off sound; but her performance was neat and finished, thanks to the careful drill to which she had subjected herself. For the same reason, when the examiner asked her for scales, her hands appeared to move automatically to the right notes. But she was both roused and alarmed when he asked her to commence near the top of the keyboard. She did not, however, lose her head, as her friend had done; but by moving her hands deliberately to the right place, and meanwhile playing the last octave ascending mentally, she was enabled to commence the descending scale correctly. It is unnecessary to go through her examination in detail, suffice it to say that the

value of her careful plans of preparation was shown throughout.

When the two girls left the ante-room, the mental tension they had felt before and during the examination was quite relieved, and, as a natural consequence, all Ethel's volubility and liveliness had returned. Even the quiet Maggie was more animated than Ethel ever remembered.

"Well, Maggie, how did you get on?"

"I really don't know, Ethel; I did as well as I could."

"But did you make any mistakes?"

"Yes, I seemed to make a good many."

"Did you make any in your favourite Mendelssohn?"

"Yes, I think so, but I don't remember how many."

"Oh, Maggie, you are so provoking, you know you don't mean all that; I believe you scarcely made a mistake. Did you make two mistakes in the value?"

"Oh yes, Ethel; I should think so, indeed?"

"Did the examiner ask you to play the scale of C sharp major?" Ethel inquired.

"No, but he asked for C flat major."

"Well?"

"I was rather startled, but I was lucky enough just to think about C flat, and B being the same note."

"He asked me for C sharp major, and I was so frightened that I couldn't think of anything."

After a little more talk, Maggie said: "He asked me a curious question—what was the major key with nine sharps?"

"Did he? He asked me for the one with ten flats—what did you think of it?"

"I thought it rather a silly question."

"But did you answer it?"

"Oh yes, I thought C sharp has seven sharps, then G sharp would have eight sharps, and D sharp would have nine sharps. That was the answer I gave."

"You did that well, Maggie; I could think of nothing."

Turning to another topic, Maggie said: "I nearly made one very stupid blunder with the Italian words. He asked the meaning of *piu*, and I very nearly said 'little.'"

"Oh, Maggie dear, don't call it a stupid blunder, for that is just what I said. What ought it to be, then?"

"It means 'more,' replied Maggie."

Ethel went on: "How did you feel when in the room? I was awfully frightened, although the examiner was very nice, I must say."

"I did not feel exactly frightened, but as if in a dream. The examiner's voice sounded muffled, and so did the piano."

"Oh yes, I remember, I was something like that, too," said Ethel.

At last they reached the end of the street where Maggie lived, and bade each other good-morning, after mutually expressing thankfulness that the examination was over, and their anxiety as to when the result would be known.

In about six weeks the list came out, when it was seen that Maggie was in the honours list, and that Ethel had satisfied the examiner. Both girls were well pleased, but Ethel little knew how narrow an escape she had had from being plucked.

WITH Wagner's music so fashionable, it is rather curious that very little has been done in the way of parody. A good many years ago Sir Arthur Sullivan did a little in that direction in the music of "Iolanthe." Now, however, the French composer, M. Louis Varney, has taken up the matter, and one of the novelties of the Paris winter season will be his parody of "Lohengrin," to be entitled "Le Petit Lohengrin."

"English County Songs."

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THE subject of national song is at last beginning to have serious attention from competent professional musicians.

Hitherto the field has been almost exclusively occupied by Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," but even this comprehensive work does not contain anything like a full representation of the many traditional songs of which the English counties can boast; while as to the ordinary albums of English ditties, these are to a great extent filled with the compositions of Bishop, Horn, Glover, and others, which are only national in a very limited sense. Mr. Barrett's "Folk Songs," Mr. Baring Gould's "Songs of the West," and one or two other volumes of a similar nature, have gathered in a good many melodies which so far had only been known locally; but there are still a large number of tunes remaining among the English peasantry which have never yet been set down in musical notation. In all parts of the country the difficulty of getting these old-fashioned songs out of the people is steadily on the increase, and those who would engage in the task of collecting them must lose no time in setting to work if their efforts are to be successful.

In almost every district the editors of the present splendid collection, as they tell us in the preface, have heard tantalising rumours of songs that "Old So-and-So used to sing, who died a year or two back," and have had in many cases to spend a considerable time in inducing people to begin singing. It is true that when once started the greater number of the singers find a good deal of difficulty in leaving off, for they are not unnaturally pleased to see their songs appreciated by anybody in these degenerate days, when the mediocre shop ballad seems to be everywhere in the ascendant. A couple of extracts are printed from letters written by persons who were asked by the editors to seek out songs. One of the writers says: "In my latest enterprise I have sustained defeat. I had no idea that our old men were so stupid. No sooner do they see my paper and pencil than they become dumb; in fact, not only dumb but sulky; so I have abandoned the pursuit."

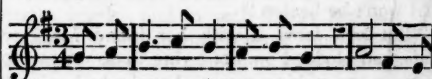
It is well, then, that the work of collecting has already proceeded so far; and the editors of "English County Songs" are to be heartily congratulated on the rich store of melody which they have been able to place before the public for the first time. It is explained that about two-thirds of the contents of the volume have never appeared in print before; while of the remaining third, by far the largest number have appeared without any form of accompaniment whatever. Of the songs printed for the first time, a large proportion have been taken down from the singers by the editors themselves, but a good many have been collected by friends in various districts of England.

The plan has been adopted of representing each county by at least one song. The editors admit that this may seem an arbitrary method, since the county boundaries cannot be expected to confine the music of each shire to itself; but

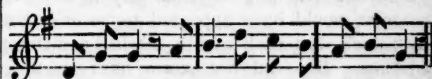
* "English County Songs." Words and Music. Collected and edited by Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland. London: The Leadenhall Press.

it has been indirectly of great service, since it has stimulated effort in places that at first seemed quite unpromising, and these places have sometimes proved to contain more than the average of good material. Three counties—Monmouth, Bedford, and Huntingdon—have yielded nothing even after the most strenuous efforts; and probably, if strict justice were done, one or two other counties would be in the same vacant condition, for they have brought forward no traditional music actually extant within their own boundaries. In a few instances, songs preserved in one county are proved to have existed in bygone times in another, now unrepresented; and again, in some cases, it is only by internal evidence—seldom altogether conclusive—that the localisation has been established.

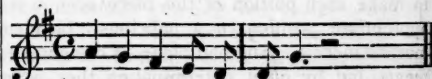
But the plan of the collection is after all of less importance than its contents, and these are at once so interesting in themselves, and so valuable to the antiquary whose taste lies in the direction of old English melody, that the volume may readily be assured of much more than the encouragement which the editors desiderate as an incentive to further labour in the same field. The songs brought together are of all classes. There are harvest songs, hop-pickers' songs, blacksmiths' songs, ploughboys' songs, feast songs of various kinds, carols, children's game songs, sea songs, and even the humble street cry is not forgotten. Here is a specimen of the latter, said to have been sung in the streets of Kensington about 1880—



Will you buy my sweet la-ven-der? Sweet blooming



la-ven-der, O, buy my pret-ty la-ven-der!



Six-teen bunches a pen-ny

Some of the children's game songs are exceedingly quaint and pretty, and one or two of the carols might well be given a hearing in the cities during the Christmas season. But indeed the entire contents are worthy of the attention of singers and concert-givers; and the musicianly accompaniments furnished by the editors make the collection as readily available for public use as the ballads that are constantly being issued in hundreds by the music publishers. These accompaniments, in fact, deserve something more than a passing word. They have wisely been kept as simple as possible, and in all cases the editors have endeavoured to preserve the character of the period to which they suppose the tune to belong. In one or two cases, as they point out, where the tune showed a very remarkable affinity with a song of Schubert's, the accompaniment has been treated more or less in his style; and in "Cold blows the wind" (p. 34), the resemblance to a certain study of Chopin's in the same key has not been disguised. The collection is beautifully printed and bound, and in putting it away on the shelf we heartily wish that it may soon have a companion.

THE Rev. Evan Rees, of Cardiff, recently won the prize offered for the best poem at the assembly of Welsh singers in Chicago. The great event of the day was the "chairing of the bard," the historic ceremony inherited from the ancient Cambrians, which, it is said, had never previously been performed outside Great Britain.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians.

A CHAT WITH MR. EDWARD CHADFIELD.

THE National Society of Professional Musicians, or to give it its newer and better title, The Incorporated Society of Musicians, during its career of eleven years, has developed to such an extraordinary degree that even those earnest souls who, in spite of discouragement and derision, worked so hard to set it on foot, must indeed be astonished at its dimensions and solidity to-day. A few congenial spirits, met together in Manchester for the purpose of airing a very real grievance—a band of fifty musicians united in one purpose of mutual good—these were all that existed in 1882 of the now powerful Society which aspires and bids fair to be “the home of the profession, its organ of speech, and its defender in all matters of difficulty.”

To the energy and perseverance of one man is the phenomenal success of the Incorporated Society of Musicians to a great extent due. Mr. Edward Chadfield, an estimable and highly-respected musician, resident in Derby, founder of the Derby School of Music, was, in the early days of the movement, prevailed upon to accept the onerous position of Honorary General Secretary, and ever since he has worked heart and soul to bring his brother professors together by the bond of union and fellowship which the Society has formed.

Organisation was the one great thing lacking in the musical profession. Organisation is the watchword of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and many an eloquent sermon has Mr. Chadfield preached from that text. One such sermon it was my privilege to hear him deliver a few days ago, and so impressed was I with that discourse, so completely won by the kindly earnestness of the man, that I secretly made up my mind to hear more from him respecting his work, and (shall I confess it?) to let the readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC know something of him and his labours.

The man who would catch Mr. Chadfield must resort to stratagem. I waylaid him after the meeting he had been addressing, and in the kindest and most genial manner possible he submitted to my interrogation.

“I shall be pleased to give you any information you require,” he said; “but I must make one condition. If what I say is to be put into print, you must allow me to talk about the Society and not about myself.”

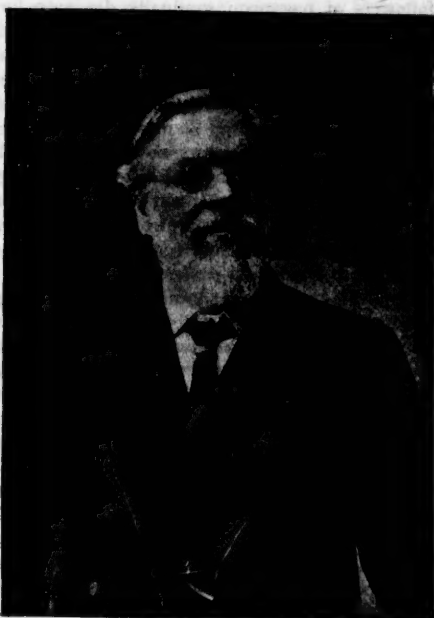
“We are getting along wonderfully well. Every month brings large additions to our ranks, and we now number considerably over 1,100 members. The influence of the Society has increased to a corresponding degree, and no more striking proof of this could be afforded than the fact that the incorporation, which six years ago we failed to obtain, has now been freely granted us, as the result of communications from the Privy Council.”

“You met with considerable opposition at first from some prominent musicians?”

“Well, for a time they held aloof from us, for reasons which they considered good; but now most of those men are in our ranks, helping us to put the profession to which we all belong, and which we love so much, upon its proper footing, and to foster, or perhaps to create, a spirit of unity and friendship between the musicians of this country. A few years ago the professional musician was only too often an isolated being. He heard of great men, and longed to meet them and hold intercourse with them, but his longings were never satisfied; they remained a name, and nothing but a name to him. To-day the humblest among us may, at our meetings, and particularly at our Conferences, be brought into close contact with the shining lights of the musical world, and ask their help and their guidance as brothers in one household. This is one advantage which our Society offers. Is it not a great one?”

“You hope, sooner or later, I believe, to bring about a system of registration for the protection of legitimate teachers and artists?”

“Yes; that is an object which is receiving our most earnest attention. An authoritative



register of duly qualified musicians would be a benefit to the public as well as those who follow music as a profession. It would be a means whereby the former could distinguish between the competent and the incompetent; and would cause the work which is now so imperfectly done by pretenders, to be entrusted to those whose education and training fit them to undertake it. This work of registration must be done before the musical profession can take its proper place among the other professions of this country, and it is our duty to push it forward with might and main.”

Our conversation turned to the Society's examinations.

“Has this branch of your work been successful?” I asked.

“The results of our examinations have been most encouraging. You see we have gained the confidence of teachers and students, which is, of course, the first step towards success. The conditions upon which our examinations are conducted leave no room for doubt as to their absolute fairness. We have no professional local representatives, and candidates are known

only to the examiners by numbers, their names and the names of their teachers not appearing till after the result of the examination has been declared. By this means any suspicion of partiality is entirely done away with. Then we have adopted the system of sending two examiners to each centre, and this, I believe, to be an excellent and a most desirable plan. An examiner is only a man, after all. He may have fads, or he may feel out of sorts and irritable, and the candidates suffer in consequence. By the appointment of two examiners, this danger, not altogether an imaginary one, is obviated. Our theoretical examinations are conducted upon a principle entirely our own, I believe. A book has been compiled and published containing the questions from which a selection is made on the very eve of each examination. This plan has been adopted to divest the test questions of the whims of any particular school of theory, and to avoid the possibility of candidates being puzzled by vague form and phraseology. The questions cover sufficient ground, and are so numerous that less time and trouble would be required in order to prepare students by thorough and honest teaching of the whole subject, than to ‘coach’ ill-grounded candidates for probable and deserved failure.”

“Well, Mr. Chadfield, if you succeed in putting local examinations upon a satisfactory basis, that alone will be a feat of which you may well be proud. At present the whole business seems to be one of making money, and those engaged in it are more on the look-out for guineas than for talent. I believe there are examining bodies in existence which pass candidates, whatever their capabilities, in order, I imagine, to obtain popularity.”

“Well, I have heard, myself, of cases in which gentlemen have been asked to undertake examinations for certain institutions, and have afterwards discovered that the very pupils whom they reported to have failed have been included in the list of those who passed, and awarded certificates accordingly. Unfortunately the public has no knowledge of these things, but it is the duty of all teachers to distinguish between the real and the sham, the false and the true. It was with the purpose of providing what we knew to be an honest system of musical examination that we took the matter up.

You must understand, however, that we do not push these examinations, even among our own members. We have representatives of all the leading examining institutions in the Society, and every movement which has for its object the advancement of art and the good of our profession has our best wishes and heartiest support.”

HUMOUR in our board schools is by no means a novelty, but it is seldom that the music lesson forms the foundation of a good story. The following, however, is recorded as an actual experience from the other side of the border. A teacher drilling the children in music asked: “What does it mean when you see the letter *f* over a bar or staff?” “Forte,” answered one of the pupils. “And what does the character *ff* mean?” There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of them shouted triumphantly, “Eighty!”

My Pupils.

CHAPTER III.

MO, AND HIS GREAT WORK.

(Continued from page 223.)

"I've hit it at last, Tipcat."

A few mornings after the events narrated in the previous chapter, I was seated in my little study working out a fugue, merely for the sake of doing something, and not caring to be idle, when Mo came rushing in, and made use of the above words.

"Hit it," I exclaimed, thinking he had possibly been going in for a little rifle-practice, and got a "bull's eye." "Hit it—hit what, Mr. Mo?"

"Why, an idea."

"Oh, come, that's interesting; sit down, and let's have a chat about it, and pray don't put your pipe out"—he was about to—"for I like smoking;" but I corrected myself, "I mean I like the smell of smoke." My adventure at Colonel Harrey's came to my memory once again.

"Well, Tipcat," he began—both the man! he would persist in addressing me by that appellation; but I swallowed it, like the smoke from the Indian cigar, with less serious results, however.

"Well, Tipcat, I've got a magnificent idea; an enormous scheme for a gigantic work, such a work as will eclipse anything which has ever been done or ever been conceived by any stage manager that has ever existed, or is likely to be called into existence at any future time;" and Mo gave a few vigorous draws at his pipe, to bring back its departing life.

"Yes, Tipcat, I mean it is a truly wonderful thing, and I feel convinced it will make our fortunes."

"I am quite willing, Mr. Mo. Tell me all about it, I can do with a fortune; or even half a one would be acceptable just now, I can assure you."

"Now, don't be impatient, but listen to my scheme; and if you don't think it outshines anything you have ever heard, you are not worthy to call yourself a musician. Of course, you know, Tipcat, you are what I term a musician by tuition; I am one by nature. You have had it knocked into you, Tipcat; with me it is in-born. I create; you copy."

What impudence! but I had promised the vicar's wife to humour him, so I submitted quietly while this extraordinary young man unfolded his scheme.

"The title of the work is 'The Triumph of Christianity over Paganism.' Dore's celebrated picture inspired me with the thought, which I think a grand one, and capable of tremendous development."

"I quite agree with you," I said.

"Glad you do, Tipcat," he continued; "and now for its development. Each of the principal heathen gods will be represented by a distinct body of singers and instrumentalists, the combined body of voices and players representing each god numbering 500."

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, listen, Tipcat. I thought it would take your breath away. And Christianity will be represented by a brass band of one thousand performers."

"Wonderful!" I ventured.

"Hold hard, Tipcat, and listen. Your hair—what little there is of it—surely this was insolence, seeing I was thin on the top, albeit well furnished with flowing locks behind—" will

presently stand up on end," said Mo. "It is my intention to have the following gods represented with a choir of singers and players—and, as I have before observed, each five hundred strong—The Sphinx, Baal, Atlas, Priam, Woden, Saturn, Jupiter, Zeus, Venus, Bacchus, Apollo, and Og, the King of Bashan. These will each enter separately, singing and playing its own particular *motif*, and will take up its position upon the stage, and will continue playing while the next god, which will be represented by its own choir and orchestra, approaches playing a separate *motif*, and so on and so on until they are all upon the stage together, each playing its own distinct music, at one and the same time; so I reckon that paganism will be represented by 5,500 voices and instruments, all playing their different music at once."

"Stupendous!" I muttered in bated breath.

"Don't interrupt, Tipcat," continued Mo in an excited state. "Then when the pagans have had some time to themselves, there is a sudden *diminuendo*, and in the distance is heard the approach of the band and chorus, supposed to represent Christianity, or 'The Army of Truth,' by 500 brass instruments and a like number of voices. As the lovely (?) strains of these increase in sound, so the sounds from the followers of paganism gradually die away in fearful groans and writhings, until they are gradually dispersed by the approach of the followers of truth, and the stage is once more held, this time by the Christians, who give one loud and exultant pean of joy, and the whole performance is brought to a conclusion." And Mo, who had been standing all the time during the foregoing remarks, fell with a heavy thud in an exhausted condition on to my frail couch, much to the detriment of its already shaky springs.

Poor Mo! As I sat and watched him mopping his perspiring brow, I really felt very sorry for him, and was perfectly convinced that, as far as music was concerned, he was (what one may term, speaking mildly) a little "touched"; but I had promised his dear good mother to give way to him, so I kept my countenance, and continued the subject.

"But do you know, Mr. Mo, how many will be on the stage together?"

"Oh yes, my dear old Tipcat. I have gone well into the matter, and I reckon there will be 6,500 required for its performance."

"But there is no place large enough for such a thing."

"I know that, Tipcat, but there must be a place built especially for its production."

"Have you any idea as to who will take it up and produce it for you?"

"Well, look here, old fellow, this is just between ourselves, of course, but I've read that Sir Augustus Harris is not half a bad sort, so I think I'll give him the first offer."

I could hardly refrain from laughing.

"It's not a bit of good talking; and I've come to the conclusion that everything to succeed nowadays must be on a *tremendous scale*, something truly gigantic in its proportions; it *must* be big, and the bigger the scheme the bigger the fortune."

"How about your libretto?" I ventured.

"Ah, that is a little difficult. Of course, they must all sing different words, and many in different languages. I will write what I want in English, and get the vicar to translate them into the foreign tongues."

A good time for the vicar, methought.

"Now how about your *motifs*. Have you anything in your mind?"

"Oh yes. I've got one or two just scribbled down here." And Mo produced a sheet of music-paper. "Here is the Venus *motif*:"



"Don't you think that is very suggestive of the 'Bohemian Girl,' Mr. Mo?"

"Bother 'The Bohemian Girl'! All *motifs* in great works are taken from popular phrases. Then here's Bacchus:"



"But, my dear Mr. Mo, that is almost identical with Handel's 'Oh, ruddier than the cherry.'"

"I don't care what you say; that's my Bacchanalian *motif*, and bother Handel! I'm not going to give up that phrase to him. I have as much right to it as he has; and I'm going to use it. What authority have you for saying that Handel wrote it? How do you know that he did not 'crib' it from Corelli or Henry Purcell? He might have done; and between you, me, and the gate-post, I don't think George Frederick was above it."

"But the phrase is generally attributed to him, and accepted as his composition."

"Just so, my dear Tipcat; a great many things are attributed to Shakespeare, but many of his phrases are also found in Bacon's writings."

He, however, changed the subject.

"Now tell me candidly, Tipcat, what do you think of the idea?"

"I think, as an idea, it is just wonderful; but tell me, Mr. Mo, do you, really and candidly, think it is *quite* practicable. Don't misunderstand me; do you think a work requiring such enormous forces could possibly be written, let alone produced?"

"There you go, Tipcat, throwing cold water on my scheme at once! You organists have no thought above single chants and Kyries. Some of you try to persuade yourselves that Bach is lovely, but when you come face to face with a big work like this, 'Triumph of Christianity over Paganism,' you are quite lost, my good man; it is out of your domain; it is in a world you do not inhabit."

"I cannot refute what you say. I admit my humble position, Mr. Mo. Some day I may be permitted to climb to the height of Venus and Bacchus, and Og, the King of Bashan. But I shall require preparation, someone to take me in hand; but it must be one who, like yourself, has been allowed an entrance to the realms of 'mythology.' Will you guide me thither?"

He couldn't help smiling at my assumed humility, and shaking me heartily by the hand, remarked:

"You're a good old fellow after all, Tipcat."

The accomplishment of Mo's great work still "hangs fire."

(To be continued.)

MADAME NORDICA, who has just fulfilled a successful engagement at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival, has, I learn, now definitely concluded an engagement with Frau Cosima Wagner to take part in the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth next summer. The American prima donna, who will then make her first appearance at Bayreuth, will sing Elsa in "Lohengrin," which will be given in its entirety, without the inartistic "cuts" with which successive conductors have mutilated Wagner's most popular opera. She will likewise play Kundry in "Parsifal," and very probably also Venus in "Tannhäuser," a character which it is hoped she will repeat at Covent Garden.

A View of Dancing.

FAR be it from the musician's thoughts to depreciate dancing, without which he would not, as a musician, have his being.

For to dancing it seems probable we owe not only drama, but also music. Primitive man (we are told) expressed his emotions on special occasions by shouting and making more or less rapid movements—precisely like boys let loose from school. These movements would soon become regular if only because it was expedient. If continued too long in one direction they would take him from where he wanted to be—say the altar of a divinity he was praising for past benefits and in the hope of future ones. If performed in one small area, and primitive man happened to be rather numerous, frequent collisions and consequent recriminations would probably mar the solemnity of the proceedings. Primitive man was ingenious. To avoid these little unpleasantnesses, he (it is said) so arranged matters that the whole crowd of worshippers moved in one direction at one time, and back again at another. In these regular movements he (probably) found a pleasure which was increased when certain swaying of body and swingings of limb were added. Thus Dancing was born. But the need of a method of keeping the dancers—"in step" was (it is guessed) soon felt. A leader answered only for small numbers. So primitive man turned his shouting to account. Instead of keeping up a continuous hullabulloo, comparable only to an "exciting scene" in the House of Commons, he gave isolated and special shouts to indicate that he was about to make certain of regularly recurring "steps." From these "accents" he derived a pleasure in addition to, and separable from, that derived from the motions of the dancers. Thus it was known that the body, Dancing, had a soul, Rhythm. The discovery would soon follow that these accents could be made more prominent by giving the louder shouts on (as we say) a higher note; and the value of Pitch was known. And in Pitch and Rhythm the raw material for music was ready. The substitution of words for unintelligible shouts was the next step (Singing); and with the next, a conversation between two—begun, perhaps, in the spoken objection of one primitive man to another getting on his toes, and the reply thereto—Drama came into existence.

Our ancestors of the Middle Ages danced, or it is probable we should not yet have any music worth calling by the name. "Chests of viols," and skill in playing them were kept up principally for dancing; old tunes were remembered, and new ones invented for the same purpose. When the man destined to make instrumental music independent, something more than a mere accompaniment to a song or a dance—when he, the first instrumental composer, father of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, at last came, it was dancing provided him with forms for his music to be written in, and instruments for it to be played upon. The gavotte, minuet, sarabande, jig, and many another used by the early masters, are dance forms, and from them most of our modern forms are developed.

Therefore must the musician be for ever grateful to Dancing.

But are the quadrilles, lancers, reels, and horn-pipes, schottisches, waltzes, and polkas of this day the gallops at such a pace that, if two couples

collide, four senseless forms are carried home on shutters—are these exhibitions dancing? or the balancing on the big toe, or hanging in mid-air with every limb quivering—as though the hanging were one in the other sense—seen at the ballet-shows beloved of the heroes of Piccadilly and Mr. Stuart Headlam? Speaking of Grecian dancing, Charles Kingsley says: "A miracle of art, only possible amongst a people of the free and exquisite physical training, and the delicate æsthetic perceptions of those old Greeks, even in their most fallen days. A dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor of the purest school, and the highest physical activity was manifested, not, as in coarse comic pantomimes, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and self-sustaining grace." Says another writer: "The fundamental notion of all Greek dancing is the bodily expression of some inward feeling; and that which poetry effected by words, dancing had to do by movement. . . . That which elevates it into a fine art is that it did not consist in mere senseless evolutions, but was the outward expression of an inward idea which all the limbs took their share in expressing." "Dancing in which the two sexes united was unknown, and dancing at a banquet was looked upon as a sign of intoxication." Of what inward feeling is our dancing the bodily expression? Where is the "poetry of motion" when a hideously-painted ballet-girl stands awkwardly for a minute and a half on her big toe? With us all beautiful motions of body and limbs are rejected in favour of ugly, angular gymnastic feats.

And the chief complaint the musician makes against this (so-called) dancing is the atrocious quality of music that accompanies it. The names of Strauss and Waldteufel may be mentioned; but, after all, is the popular necessarily the beautiful? The dance music of the present is degrading to those who hear it as it is to those who play it. Men or women of fine feeling, who, from disliking such stuff, gradually accustom themselves to it, because it supplies marked rhythms for dancing, have lost the finer edge of sense, have reeled a step backward to the brute. Is there not an abundance of fine dance music? Purcell, Handel, and Bach wrote magnificent gavottes and minuets—infinitely more beautiful dances than our ball-room riots, though the fallen dancers of this day have lost the grace necessary to rightly walk them. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Weber, even Wagner, have written exquisite waltzes. It is said that they are impossible to dance to. Why? Simply because pace and agility, not grace and beauty, are the aims of the modern dancer. If the latter facilities were aimed at, it would be found that the nobler the music, the better for dancing. If dancing be indeed the "poetry of motion," it need not be demonstrated that it should not be mechanical, nor possess the regularity of clockwork; like music, it requires expression, *rallentando*, *accelerando*, and even (so to speak) *diminuendo* and *crescendo*, to fetch out its full beauty. A party of dancers bent on one common end—beautiful dancing—will follow the lead of a pianist or an orchestra as naturally as the latter follows the beat of a conductor, and that no matter what slackening or hurrying of the time dance or music demand. Those dances which require ungraceful motions, commonplace melodies, vulgar rhythms, should be left—to the barbarians who wish to dance them.

J. F. R.

Ancient Musical Instruments, In Bone, Terra-cotta and Pottery.

BY HAROLD ST. GEORGE GRAY.

HARMONY cannot be called an invention—it seems as much a part of nature as light or heat! What the earliest music really was is uncertain, but undoubtedly it was something with which mankind was extremely delighted, for the Greek and Roman historians and poets are diffuse in its praises. The most ancient instruments that have been handed down to us have been obtained from tombs, caves, and other hiding-places.

The construction of musical instruments evidently dates with the earliest inventions which suggested themselves to human ingenuity; some instruments have evidently suggested the construction of others of a superior kind. We are told by Diodorus Siculus that musical instruments were invented by the Egyptian deities, Osiris, Isis, Orus and Hermes. In acoustic construction the musical instruments of the most ancient nations were greatly inferior to our own, yet they—and those of the Egyptians in particular—"exhibit a degree of perfection which could have been obtained only after a long period of cultivation." Some of them are formed in the shape of human beings and animals, and many of the savage tribes of the present day still make their instruments in the form of animals, as a mode of ornamentation. The greater part of the savage tribes of the present century have not yet reached the stage of musical progress equal to that of the ancient Egyptians or the Greeks. Some of the instruments in present use in Egypt and West Africa are precisely like specimens represented on ancient monuments, dating from a period of about 3,000 years ago.

According to Diodorus Siculus one would conclude that the music of the ancient Egyptians developed very slowly. He says "that the cultivation of music was prohibited among them (the Egyptians); for they looked upon it, not only as useless, but noxious, being persuaded that it rendered the minds of men effeminate." Both Plato and Herodotus, however, are so far from mentioning any prohibition against the practice of music, that they give several instances of its use in festivals and religious ceremonies.

This article will only deal with musical instruments in terra-cotta, pottery, and bone, as musical instruments composed of these substances are amongst the earliest that were made.

A PREHISTORIC BONE WHISTLE.

To Mons. Lartet and Mr. Christie we are indebted for the discovery of a perforated bone, supposed to have been used by the aborigines as a whistle for conveying signals. Even primeval man, who lived in an age when the rhinoceros, the mammoth, and the reindeer overran Europe, and at a time when the employment of metal for weapons and tools was unknown, was not entirely ignorant of music, nor was he of carving or drawing. The prehistoric whistle, Fig. 1, is the first digital phalanx of a reindeer, nearly two inches long, drilled by a smooth cylindrical bore. The hole was evidently formed by a flint borer so many of which

have been found with implements of the Stone Age. A great number of these digital bones have been exhumed, but only about six of them

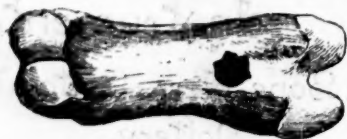


FIG. 1.

possess the artificial hole. This whistle was found in one of the caves of Dordogne, the ancient province of Périgord. A very shrill sound can be produced from this whistle.

Mons. Lartet also found a pipe, made of a piece of stag's horn, with three finger-holes, by means of which about four tones were obtainable. The three finger-holes were placed equidistantly, and the lowest note was produced when all the finger-holes were covered. It was found in a burying-place near Poitiers, France, and probably dates from the latest period of the Stone Age, and is undoubtedly of more recent date than the bone whistle mentioned above (Fig. 1). This pipe is illustrated in Fetis's "Histoire générale de la Musique."

While speaking of whistles, let us next consider the

WHISTLES OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS.

A great number of small whistles of the ancient Mexicans, made of baked clay, have been exhumed. Some of the specimens are of very grotesque shape, representing caricatures of the human face and form, animals and flowers. Mr. Carl Engel tells us that "some were provided at the top with a finger-hole, which, when it was closed, altered the pitch of the sound, so that two different tones were producible on the instrument. Others had a little ball of baked clay lying loose inside the air-chamber. When the instrument was blown, the current of air set the ball in a vibrating motion, thereby causing a shrill and whirling sound. A similar contrivance is sometimes made use of by our sportsmen for conveying signals. The Mexicans probably used these whistles principally in the chase; but they may have had bands, each musician in a band being restricted to a single tone.

The whistles found in graves of the Indians of Chiriqui, in Central America, seem to be of a more advanced type than those described above. The whistle, of which the annexed is an illustration (Fig. 2), would produce about



FIG. 2.

six tones. It is five inches long, and is of a cream-coloured pottery, painted red and black. The most perfect instruments of this kind from Central America are those with four finger-holes. Four sounds can be produced by them, and when the fourth finger-hole is closed, the pitch is lowered a semitone. I have not seen an instrument of this description, but I believe a few lower notes can be produced; if so, simple tunes could have been played on these instruments.

Plaster whistles are made in Egypt at the present day in the shape of rudely-formed animals, and are used by the children of Cairo. Similar whistles are made in Spain.

In dealing with the ancient pottery instruments made by the Aztecs, mention must be made of the reddish pottery pipe, called by the Mexican Spaniards *pito*, several of which have been found in an almost perfect condition. They have four finger-holes, and vary in length from six to nine inches. They are easy to blow, and are not unlike our flageolet. It is singular that, although the *pitos* varied in length, they all had the same pitch of sound. There is a *pito* of uncommon form in the British Museum.

The ancient pipes and flutes of the Inca Peruvians and of the Aztecs in Mexico, many of which have been preserved, were generally made of pottery or bone. A description of the *botuto*, a trumpet about three or four feet long of baked clay, which was once used by the Indians of Guiana, will form part of a future article on the musical instruments of the American Indians.

AN ANCIENT BABYLONIAN INSTRUMENT.

Amongst the instruments of high antiquity, preserved almost intact, should be mentioned the little pipe of baked clay with two finger-holes, which was found in the ruins of Babylon, *Birs-i-Nimroud*, and which is now in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society. This pipe appears to represent the head of an animal, and bears altogether a strong resemblance to the ancient Mexican whistles of clay. It is about three inches in length, and the two finger-holes are situated side by side: the opposite end has no opening. The natural tones of the instrument are the tonic, the third, and the fifth, though about five tones are obtainable. If both finger-holes are closed, it produces the tonic. It is peculiar that the third obtained by closing the left finger-hole is about a quarter of a tone lower than the third obtained by closing the right finger-hole. Its tone is still perfectly clear and distinct.

AN ANCIENT TERRA-COTTA INSTRUMENT. EARLY GREEK.

This early Greek musical instrument was noticed by Mr. Lewis Tonna half a century ago in the *Archæologia*. It comes from one of the Greek Islands; either Milos or Ægina. It is difficult to describe its shape, but it seems to me not unlike a tortoise in form, though others might think it resembles a bird. On the upper surface, there are four stops, and on the under side a vent, and also two small bosses, which seem to suggest the breasts of a woman. Its length is two inches, and breadth an inch and a half (Fig. 3). It sounds very much like a flageolet,

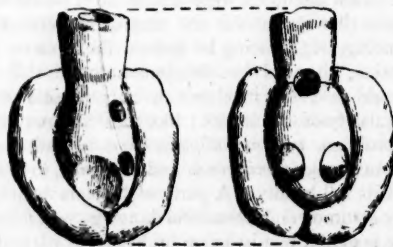


FIG. 3.

and has quite as much power. If all the stops are closed, the key-note is E flat; opening them all, the note is D, or the seventh; by closing two of the holes, either the upper or the lower, we have B flat, the fifth; and by opening one hole only we have G, the major third. As these important intervals are all so clear and distinct, one would think that they must have been produced intentionally by the maker. As

regards the intermediate tones, they are more uncertain, but may be produced by proper regulation of the breath.

Ancient writers did not recognise the major third, but Mr. Tonna seemed quite convinced that the true major third could be produced by this instrument, although he says it may be the "double major tone." The fourth is certainly not one of the fixed notes in the scale of this instrument, but it may be produced, though with difficulty. This is a very interesting specimen, as it produces its correct tones.

Mr. Crofton Croker had a clay bird in his collection, which evidently was intended to produce modulated sounds, but Mr. Tonna says in mentioning it, that "the neck of the bird is unfortunately choked up, and I have not been able to make it speak."

TERRA-COTTA TRUMPETS.

Considerable numbers of terra-cotta trumpets have been discovered in Salamina (Cyprus), but none so perfect as the six of which Figs. 4-9 are illustrations. They belonged to the famous Lawrence-Cesnola collection, but are now in the collection of General Pitt-Rivers, and are exhibited in his extensive Museum at Farnham,

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

Dorset. They are described in the Lawrence collection sale catalogue (Sotheby, April 25, 1892) as an "Orchestral Chorus of six terra-cotta *Litui* or trumpets." Why they are called *Litui*, I do not know, for they more resemble the *Tuba* in shape. (See my article on "Ancient Bronze Trumpets of the Romans," *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*, April, 1893.) They can be sounded and give a clear trumpet note, which is of value

in determining the ancient gamut used in Cyprus in classical times.

The longest, Fig. 5, measures 37½ inches along its margin; the diameter of the larger opening is 2¼ inches. This trumpet is ornamented with two incised rings, and most of the others—which measure 22½, 20½, 14, 12, and 10½ inches respectively—are ornamented at the larger end with rings in low relief. Fig. 8, has a peculiar bulge at the larger end, the diameter of which is 2½ inches, while the diameter of the opening is 1¾ inch.

These terra-cotta trumpets were probably used for mortuary purposes. They were far too delicate to use in war, but they might have been used in games. Mr. Cesnola, however, classes these terra-cotta trumpets under the head of "toys," but seems very uncertain as to their use. Three of the set are imperfectly illustrated in Cesnola's "Salamina," p. 93.

Of the illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2 have been taken from Carl Engel's "Essay on the History of Musical Instruments," and Fig. 3 from the *Archæologia*; while the terra-cotta trumpets have been drawn from the objects themselves.

"Words" for Music.

(Concluded from p. 227.)

THIS article has already run to such inordinate length, that I must hasten to a finish. My principal object, and the one I wish my readers to bear in mind, is to show that the words best suited for musical setting are to be found in the best poets, and not in the drawing-room ballad manufacturers of the day. Having discussed the lyric form, I will now briefly consider the dramatic. A dramatic song is simply a *scena*. The fact that Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and others of the time, called many of their compositions by the latter name, has led us to associate it with a style that is nearly if not quite played out. We see the word *scena*, and think of a preparatory recitative, followed by an *allegro*, an *andante*, and perhaps a brilliant final *presto*. That kind of thing however is, I say, played out; and the dramatic song is its modern equivalent. I have previously admitted that I do not regard the *scenas* of the "big" men as containing their finest music, and that it seems to me that modern composers to a large extent use the sudden *fortissimo* crashes and general broken character permitted in the dramatic style of writing to cover up the essential weakness of their music. Still, it is a form which has been, and may be again, finely used. The question is, Where shall the modern composer find words? I do not propose to painfully re-dredge the poets as I did for lyrics, but will give a few examples of methods by which readers may dredge for themselves.

Last month I printed a remarkably fine specimen of words suitable for a dramatic song—"Dark house, by which once more I stand." From "In Memoriam," many others, equally beautiful and adapted to the purpose, may be culled. But they do not always lie naked before us, so to speak, as in the case of that example. For instance, it is impossible, or at least very unwise, to set a song of twenty, or indeed, half of twenty, verses. And many such songs contain, hidden amongst extraneous matter, ample material for dramatic setting. How get at it?

This is the secret of good and effective dredging. You must read the entire song or poem—for sometimes twenty useful lines may be got

out of a poem of sixty or more—until you know the feeling of it thoroughly well; you must carefully note what is essential to the dramatic development, and what is extraneous, what is there merely to strengthen the atmosphere or intensify the feeling—which are offices that may well be left to the music. Then go through the poem again, copying out into a sheet of paper the essentials, and nothing but the essentials, leaving what you have noted to be extraneous. The one real difficulty is that lines not absolutely necessary to the skeleton-story or plot, as it were, of the piece, may have to be retained because there is no other clue to the feeling. Only in this way will good words for dramatic songs be found. To repeat, first understand the poem, then take no more of it than is absolutely necessary for your purpose. Many parts of "In Memoriam" may be so treated.

By so dealing with "Maud," Mr. Marshall-Hall got the words of a magnificent dramatic song ("Long After," in his "Love and Life" cycle, published by Mr. J. Williams, Berners Street, W.); and the same poem will yield many more of the sort. Some of Edgar Allan Poe's poems are suitable for setting in their entirety or in parts; Mr. W. George Allen has written most effective songs for the purpose; and I daresay parts of Byron are well adapted. I don't know any of Browning that will serve; but, so far as I remember, some of Mr. Buchanan's verses ought to be useful. The same may be said of Bridges. But the dramatic song writer will find his time best spent on Tennyson, who is, indeed, more than any other poet the musician's poet.

I had intended to say something about words for cantatas and operas, but it must be very short. My advice is, write them yourself. The "poems" advertised at 30s. and thereabouts, are the most miserable nonsense ever penned by starving garreters, and what can one expect at the price? If you can afford £50 or so for a respectable literary man to knock you off two or three hundred lines they will, in all probability, bear the marks of having been very much knocked off. If you supply the story there may be nothing to find fault with on that score, but, unless you keep your eye on your respectable literary man, you will probably find the division into scenes, acts, duets, quartets, and the rest carried out in a fashion not at all adapted to musical setting. And a respectable literary man will not be pleased if you have your eye on him too frequently. But what am I talking about? Here I am supposing that a budding young composer has £50 to spare; what young composer, since the species existed, ever had such a sum! The young composer must write his own librettos. There is an immense gain in so doing.

While busy on the words you will have in view the kind of music you intend to write; if you feel that the music in this or that part must be of this or that character, you will be able to write words exactly suitable.

You will, of course, say that poetry is an art demanding the same amount of study as music. Exactly so; and give as much time to it as ever you can spare. You may possibly never write poetry of the same greatness and beauty as your music—you see I am taking for granted that you're a Beethoven or Wagner—but it will be as good from a literary point as anything you can buy, and, from a musical point of view, infinitely better. Study the great poets, and chiefly Milton, Shakespeare, and Tennyson. Tell your story as directly and briefly as possible, never letting in a line merely because you think it is beautiful (it will certainly be nonsense), never on any account passing anything nonsensical for the sake of rhyme or rhythm; in

short, making each character say only what is necessary for the development of the story, and in the manner you imagine such a character would say it. On the other hand, over-conciseness, over-condensation, is not a good thing—especially for musical purposes; let your lines run freely, and, even if it necessitates a more lengthy speech, say the thing you are saying musically, if possible, and at least without too many closed vowels and "hammy" consonants; and this is all the advice that can be given by one who has spent months of labour harder than ever convict "did," in strenuous endeavour to acquire the art of writing "WORDS" FOR MUSIC.

Napoleon's Harpsichord.

AMONG the treasures comprising the M. Steinert collection of musical instruments now as a loan exhibit at the Columbian Fair, Chicago, one of the most interesting instruments is a harpsichord formerly owned by Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. This instrument was built by Jacobus Kirkmann in London in 1755. It has three stops similar to an organ, by means of two stops two tones of 8 ft. each are produced, while the third stop causes an imitation of the lute. It is of the shape of a grand piano and its prototype and rests upon a frame. Although the great Napoleon was not known as a practical musician, history teaches that he was a great patron of the musical and dramatic art, and that the greatest musicians of his period composed and dedicated some of their most admired works to him. Although history is silent as to the persons who performed on this harpsichord, it can be fairly surmised that Empress Josephine and even Empress Louise evoked sweet sounds from the same.

It is well known that Napoleon was very prone to reward bravery, and that many a time, at the spur of the moment, he presented a brave soldier with the first object that struck his eyes, and in this manner this instrument was given to a deserving sergeant while reporting for duty at the palace. After the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena this French sergeant came with his treasured harpsichord to this country and settled in Scituate, Mass. Afterward, in 1833, he sold the instrument to Simon Bates, of Scituate Harbour light, and by inheritance it passed into the hands of his son, James Y. Bates, who is still alive, and from him into the possession of his daughter, Mrs. M. Wharff, now living at Gloucester, Mass., of whom M. Steinert purchased it for his valuable collection. It has been thoroughly repaired by him, and is used for his historical lectures.

ON Thursday, October 19, and the following Sunday, harvest festival services were held in Hanover Church, Regent Street. The usual hymns and psalms were sung; but the anthem was of unusual importance, being no smaller a work than Wesley's "Wilderness." The soloists were Masters Wickins and Millner, and Messrs. Barker, Holden, and Cope (all members of the choir); and I hear that a most creditable rendering of a difficult work was given under the direction of Mr. David Thomas. I shall be glad to hear whether there is any prospect of a better organ being put in, or of the present one being rebuilt; when some years ago I happened to call in at the church I found an instrument which would disgrace an iron chapel. Besides, it was falling to pieces through sheer old age.

Franz Liszt.

DESCRIBED BY SOME OF HIS MUSICAL CONTEMPORARIES.

(Compiled and translated by Andrew de Ternant.)

LEON ESCUDIER also relates an incident at one of Henri Herz's concerts:

"A piece for four pianos was to be played. Herz knew how to choose his competitors. The three other pianists were Thalberg, Liszt, and Moscheles. The room was crowded, as may be imagined. The audience was calm at first; but not without slight manifestations of impatience, quite natural under the circumstances. They did not consider the regrettable habit that Liszt had, at this epoch, to make people wait for him. Punctuality, however, is the politeness of kings, and Liszt was a king of the piano. Briefly, the pianists gave up waiting for Liszt; but this resolution was not taken without a little confusion in the artists' room. The musical parts were changed at the piano, and they were going to play a trio instead of a quatuor, when Liszt appeared. It was time! They were about to commence without him. Whilst the four virtuosi seated themselves, they perceived that the musical parts were not the same which belonged to them. In the confusion which preceded their installation the parts got mixed, and No. 1 had before his eyes the part of No. 3; the No. 2 had No. 1, and so on. What was to be done?—rise and rearrange the parts! The public were already disappointed by the prolonged waiting they had experienced. They murmured. The four virtuosi looked at each other sternly, not daring to rise, when Herz took an heroic resolution, exclaiming: 'Courage! Allons, tenez!' And he gave the signal in passing his fingers over the keyboard. The others played, and the four great pianists improvised each the part of the other. The public did not notice the change, and finished by applauding loudly."

MOSENTHAL.

Anton Rubinstein's librettist, in some reminiscences of his collaborateur, says:

"It must have been in 1840 that I saw Rubinstein for the first time, when scarcely ten years old; he had travelled to Paris with his teacher, and plucked his first laurels with his childish hands. It was then that Franz Liszt, hearing the boy play and becoming acquainted with his first compositions, with noble enthusiasm proclaimed him the sole inheritor of his fame. The prediction has been fulfilled: already in the fulness of his activity, Liszt recognised in Rubinstein a rival on equal footing with himself, and since he has ceased to appear before the public he has greeted Rubinstein as the sole ruler in the realm of pianists. About six years ago,* when Rubinstein was director of the Musical Society in Vienna, and the *élite* of the friends of art gathered every week in his hospitable house, I once had the rare pleasure of hearing him and Liszt play, not only successively during the same evening, but also together, on the piano. The question, which of the two surpassed the other, recalled the old problem, whether Goethe or Schiller is the greater German poet. But when they both sat down to play a new Concerto by Rubinstein, which Liszt, with incredible intuition, read at sight, it was really as good as a play to watch the gray-haired master, as, smiling good-naturedly, he followed his young artist, and allowed himself, as if on purpose, to be surpassed in fervour and enthusiastic power."

MOSCHELES.

There are several allusions to Liszt in Moscheles' "Diary." Liszt visited London in 1840, and Moscheles records:

"At one of the Philharmonic Concerts he played three of my studies quite admirably. Faultless in the way of execution, by his talent he has completely metamorphosed these pieces; they have become more his studies than mine. With all that they please me, and I shouldn't like to hear them played in any other way by him. The Paganini studies, too, were uncommonly interesting to me. He does anything he

chooses, and does it admirably, and those hands raised aloft in the air come down but seldom, wonderfully seldom, upon a wrong note. 'His conversation is always brilliant,' adds Mrs. Moscheles. 'It is occasionally dashed with satire, or spiced with humour. The other day he brought me his portrait, with his *hommages respectueux* written underneath; and, what was the best "homage" of all, he sat down to the piano and played me the "Erl King," the "Ave Maria," and a charming Hungarian piece."

Liszt was again in London in 1841, and Moscheles records that at the Philharmonic Society's concert, on July 14:

"The attention of the audience was entirely centred upon Liszt. When he came forward to play in Hummel's Septet one was prepared to be staggered, but only heard the well-known piece which he plays with the most perfect execution, storming occasionally like a Titan, but still, in the main, free from extravagance; for the distinguishing mark of Liszt's mind and genius is that he knows perfectly the capability of the audience, and the style of music he brings before them, and uses his powers, which are equal to everything, merely as a means of eliciting the most varied kinds of effects."

Mrs. Moscheles, in some supplementary notes to her husband's "Diary," says:

"Liszt and Moscheles were heard several times together in the 'Preciosa' variations, on which Moscheles remarks: 'It seemed to me that we were sitting together on Pegasus.' When Moscheles showed him his F sharp and D minor studies, which he had written for Michetti's Beethoven Album, Liszt, in spite of their intricacies and difficulties, played them admirably at sight. He was a constant visitor at Moscheles' house, often dropping in unexpectedly; and many an evening was spent under the double fascination of his splendid playing and brilliant conversation. The other day he told us: 'I have played a duet with Cramer; I was the poisoned mushroom, and I had at my side my antidote of milk.'"

Moscheles attended the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, in 1845, and, on August 10, recorded in his "Diary":

"I am at the Hôtel de l'Etoile d'Or, where are to be found all the crowned heads of music—brown, gray, or bald. This is a rendezvous for all ladies, old and young, fanatics for music, all art-judges, German and French reviewers, and English reporters; lastly, the abode of Liszt, the absolute monarch, by virtue of his princely gifts, outshining all else. . . . I have already seen and spoken to colleagues from all the four quarters of the globe; I was also with Liszt, who had his hands full of business, and was surrounded with secretaries and masters of ceremonies, whilst Chorley sat quietly ensconced in the corner of a sofa. Liszt, too, kissed me; then a few hurried and confused words passed between us, and I did not see him again until I meet him afterwards in the concert-room."

On August 12, Moscheles records:

"I was deeply moved when I saw the statue of Beethoven unveiled, the more so because Hänel has obtained an admirable likeness of the immortal composer. Another tumult and uproar at the *table d'hôte* in the 'Stern' hotel. I sat near Bachez, Fischhof, and Vesque, Liszt in all his glory, a suite of ladies and gentlemen in attendance on him, Lola Montez among the former."

At the banquet after the unveiling of Beethoven's statue at Bonn, Moscheles records:

"Immediately after the King's health had been proposed, Wolff, the improvisatore, gave a toast which he called the 'Trefoil.' It was to represent the perfect chord—Spohr the key-note, Liszt the connecting link between all parties, the third, Professor Breidenstein, the dominant, leading all things to a happy solution. (Universal applause.) Spohr proposes the health of the Queen of England, Dr. Wolff that of Professor Hänel, the sculptor of the monument, and also that of the brass-founder. Liszt proposes Prince Albert; a professor with a stentorian voice is laughed and coughed down—people will not listen to him; and then ensued a series of most disgraceful scenes which originated thus: Liszt spoke rather abstrusely upon the subject of the festival,

'Here all nations are met to pay honour to the master. May they live and prosper—the Dutch, the English, the Viennese—who have made a pilgrimage hither.' Upon this Chelard gets up in a passion and screams out to Liszt, 'Vous avez oublié les Français.' Many voices break in, a regular tumult ensues, some for, some against the speaker. At last Liszt makes himself heard, but, in trying to exculpate himself, seems to get entangled deeper and deeper in a labyrinth of words, seeking to convince his hearers that he had lived fifteen years amongst Frenchmen, and would certainly not intentionally speak slightly of them. The contending parties, however, become more uproarious, many leave their seats, the din becomes deafening, and the ladies pale with fright. The fête is interrupted for a full hour, Dr. Wolff, mounting a table, tries to speak, but is hooted down three or four times, and at last quits the room, glad to escape the Babel of tongues. Knots of people are seen disputing in every part of the great *salon*, and, the confusion increasing, the cause of dispute is lost sight of. The French and English journalists mingle in this fray, by complaining of omissions of all sorts on the part of the festival committee. When the tumult threatens to become serious the landlord hits upon the bright idea of making the band play its loudest, and this drowns the noise of the brawlers, who adjourned to the open air. The waiters once more resumed their services, although many of the guests, especially ladies, had vanished. The contending groups outside showed their bad taste and ridiculous selfishness, for Vivier and some Frenchmen got Liszt amongst them, and reproached him in the most shameful way. G. ran from party to party, adding fuel to the fire, Chorley was attacked by a French journalist, M. J. J. (Jules Janin) would have it that the English gentleman, Wentworth Dilke, was a German, who had slighted him; I stepped in between the two, so as, at least, to put an end to this unfair controversy. I tried as well as I could to soothe these overwrought minds, and pronounced funeral orations over those who had perished in this tempest of words. I alone remained shot-proof and neutral, so also did my Viennese friends. By six o'clock in the evening I became almost deaf from the noise, and was glad to escape."

DWIGHT.

The American musical critic, in an article on Dr. von Bülow, written while travelling in Germany with a friend, relates the following interview with Liszt:

"It was in Berlin, in the winter of 1861, that we had the privilege of meeting and of hearing Bülow. We were enjoying our first and only interview with Liszt, who had come for a day or two to the old Hôtel de Brandebourg, where we were living that winter. On the sofa sat his daughter, Madame von Bülow, bearing his unmistakable impress upon her features; the welcome was cordial, and the conversation on the part of both of them was lively and most interesting; chiefly, of course, it was about music, artists, etc., and nothing delighted us more than the hearty appreciation which Liszt expressed of Robert Franz, then, strange as it may seem, but very little recognised in Germany. Of some other composers he seemed inclined to speak ironically, and even bitterly, as if smarting under some disappointment—perhaps at the unreciprocated mood of the Berliners towards his own Symphonic Poems, to whose glories Bülow had been labouring to convert them. Before we had a chance to hint of one hope long deferred, that of hearing Liszt play, he asked, 'Have you heard Bülow?' alluding to him more than once as *the* pianist to be heard—his representative and heir, on whom his mantle had verily fallen. Thinking it possible that there was some new grand composition by some one of his young disciples to be brought out, and that he had come to Berlin to stand godfather, as it were, to that, we modestly ventured to inquire. He smilingly replied, 'No; I am here literally as godfather, having come to the christening of my grandchild.' Presently the conversation was interrupted by a rap at the door, and in came, with lively step, a little man, who threw open the furs in which he was buried, Berlin fashion, and approached the presence, bowed his head to the paternal laying on of hands, and we were introduced to Herr von Bülow."

* This was written in 1876.

Correspondence.

HOW IS THE MUSICIAN TO MAKE A NAME?

TO THE EDITOR OF "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC."

THAT, in England, at any rate, is the question. If he should happen to be one of those privileged individuals who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, in the midst of wealth and influential connections, unfettered by material disadvantages or parental interference, having the road to success smoothed before them, then it is all right with the musician; if not, it is otherwise. I will not speak of the comparatively few who are thus favoured, but of the large number of poor struggling artists who, having music in their souls, having talent, and even genius, are yet doomed by the dire necessities of existence to a life of unromantic drudgery. Who can understand the feelings of such a one, condemned through want of means to eke out a living in some inferior capacity, toiling on in monotonous slavery for years, unable to rise through want of the help and sympathy needed by the man who has yet to make his "name"? Perhaps the unknown artist has composed some good works which, if brought before the public, would raise him from obscurity at once. What of that? Should he send them to a publisher, probably they are not even looked at. Publishers will consider only such things as come from men of recognised standing in the profession; and the artist who has not yet attained to this distinction may, alas! but too frequently accept the verdict involved in the familiar legend, "Declined with thanks." And yet the publisher is not altogether to blame. He must consider his market; and, undoubtedly, if he were to accept and publish the greater part of even the good compositions, he would be ruined while looking for a remunerative return.

The point, however, is this: A man—let us say a composer—writes a work, and puts his whole life and soul into it. He presents it to some conductor of repute, who may or may not understand it. The conductor, however, does not look at it—probably he gives an uncivil answer to a courteous request—and the work in consequence remains unheard. The composer tries again, with the same result. Years pass on. He is not dismayed; but he does not succeed, and at last he dies unheeded. He is sneered at; people call him an illusionist or a "neglected Beethoven," and those who ought to have encouraged and helped him simply shrug their shoulders; for nothing succeeds like success, and those who have deserved, but have not commanded it, are pushed on one side and speedily forgotten. If Beethoven had been born in England, poor as he was, we should never have heard of him in consequence of the unwillingness of the English to recognise and honour the musical prophet in their own country. But when a man feels that he has the sacred fire, the power, without the opportunity, of achieving something—when he sees others without talent (charlatans, humbugs) often taking the lead because they were lucky and had friends to help them—when he feels and sees all this, he can only marvel at the injustice of it and pray for the better time to come.

People do not realise what it is to starve a Divine-given faculty. They know something of physical starvation, but the slow dying of desires and capabilities for lack of nourishment, the failing of powers through want of exercise, is what only a very few understand. The ineffectual struggle weighs the victim down; he becomes disheartened and embittered; he despairs of himself, and in the end succumbs. Perhaps he gives way to intemperance, seeking to drown in the intoxication of the hour the depression that assails him. Luc Gersal, a celebrated French writer, published lately a book about Germany, in which he recognises all the good and great points of the German nation and character. He cites as a special feature the veneration of the Germans for talent and genius in any shape or form, whether it exhibits itself in high or low, rich or poor. Can we say the same of ourselves? Alas, no! In the musical world of England there is no protection for talent. Let a poor, unknown musician—an excellent player, we will say—present himself any-

where, and he will find the doors closed against him. Everywhere he will receive the same answer—"We do not know you, and do not want to know you." He cannot get a hearing, and must, if he is in need of money, condescend to work which is altogether beneath his dignity.

I know a composer who, after a great struggle, succeeded in making himself known. Some seven or eight years ago this gentleman entered into a prize competition for the best overture. His composition, which since then has been recognised as of very high merit, was returned to him as unsuccessful. He found that it had never been opened (for he had put a private mark upon it). The prize competition proved to be not only poor, but absolute rubbish; and an explanation could only be found in the fact that the successful candidate was a pupil of the adjudicator! Such an experience as this is simply scandalous, and unfortunately there is reason to believe that it is not by any means unique. Such things would not happen in any other country in Europe; for on the Continent justice is generally done to merit when it is due.

The truth appears to be that, when a man has gained a position in the musical world, no one asks whether he has talent or not. The talent is taken for granted; if it were not, then the musician—so argues the public—would not be in his present position. Managers are generally nothing more than business men; committees who have to engage a musical director are made up, as a rule, of the same class. They understand the commercial part of the affair, but it is seldom that they think of art. They cannot and they do not seek to judge of a man's capacity for a particular post. A manager once remarked to a friend of mine, "What though you all play like angels, if people do not come to listen to you and the cash is not forthcoming?" These same managers, of course, go in for big names; or otherwise, perhaps, select a man who has good business qualifications, and who has the pluck or impudence to pass himself off as a *persona grata*. He is at the head, he is the master, and, although cringing to his superiors, he is haughty and austere to those beneath him, especially when he sees they have genuine ability and that they have discovered his own deficiencies. There is nothing to be done in such a case but to "grin and bear." I once heard in London some of Beethoven's symphonies performed by an important orchestra. The players were all capable men, but the conductor was so inefficient that the performance simply became a pitiful exhibition of ignorance. A conductor of this type sometimes comes out as a composer, while all the time he is utterly ignorant of the rules of his art. The public, of course, do not know; they are easily "gulled," and the charlatan is thus allowed to pass himself off as a genius. It is really a mystery how so many men have made names, positions, and handsome incomes, with nothing more for a foundation than a very superficial knowledge of the art they profess. Most of these "notabilities" are, I repeat, totally devoid of talent and knowledge. They cannot even play decently a single musical instrument; yet they are at the top of the tree, and the public believe in them. Some even look upon them as "great gods"; and if one were to speak of their incapacity he would be cried down as a jealous partisan.

It certainly is a talent to make people believe you have talent when you have it not. These snobs of the profession give themselves the airs of geniuses, strutting about in kid gloves and dressing in the latest fashion. All this goes down with the public, who like, besides, to see a musician dub himself by a foreign name. This ridiculous notion, that a musician must be a foreigner to be good, is the cause of many English artists changing their names, or, at any rate, giving them a Continental turn. Mr. Smith calls himself "Herr Schmidt"; Mrs. Campbell announces herself as "Madame Campobello"; and if Dick Turpin were to rise from the dead to make his *début* as a musician, he would as likely as not call himself "Signor Ricardo Turpini," when he would be sure to draw. Only the other day a certain manager engaged an English violinist, a magnificent player, for a week at low terms. "Had he but a foreign name," said the manager to me, "I would have given him £10 more; but who would come to hear 'John Jones' play?"

There are, no doubt, a good many conductors of whom it may be said that the right man is in the right place, and also that most of our great composers and musicians hold positions in keeping with their merits. But unfortunately there are many more of the type I have instanced above than there ought to be; and it is certainly curious that while in England justice is done to merit in most professions, music alone is the exception. But what is the struggling artist to do? He cannot puff himself in the newspapers. If he has press notices printed, nobody reads them. "The market is overstocked," says the manager; "competition is keen, talent is cheap and plentiful, and I can do nothing for you." Is it not so? An artist with talent, but without monetary or other encouragement, can hardly ever succeed. To get into note he must have sufficient funds to keep him going in the meantime; and that means a good deal. He must live well and in a good house; he must dress well and move in "society"; he must treat this man and the other, court the acquaintance of reporters and influential people, and make a sycophant of himself generally. If he can do all this, and can back it up with talent, he will undoubtedly rise. Ask all the great men how they made their names: they will tell you it has only been by the aid of money and artistic encouragement of various kinds. Alas! how seldom these come from the outside world! England, so great as a nation, has yet to learn that she has musical prophets at her own doors looking for her assistance and her sympathy. When at last she does learn this it will be a happy day for the art, and a no less happy day for the people.

M. WHITE.

DUETS FOR TWO PIANOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC."

DEAR SIR,—I read in the September number of your Magazine an inquiry (page 216) from F. Ashton Jonson, anent duets for two pianos. Duos (for two pianos) are certainly a very interesting class of musical literature, and unfortunately not half enough appreciated; hence I am only too happy to send enclosed list, which I trust will prove useful and beneficial to your correspondent, and take pleasure in signing myself,

Yours very sincerely,

J. DE ZIELINSKI,

Musical Director B.S. University, and
Musical Editor *Buffalo News*.

Chopin—Allegro de Concert, Op. 46, arranged for two pianos by Nicodé.

Etude, Op. 25, No. 12, arranged for two pianos by Scholtz.

Rondeau, Op. 73, arranged for two pianos.

Polonaise, Op. 53, arranged for two pianos by Röhr.

Henselt has written a separate piano part to fifty studies of Cramer without altering the original.

Henry Timm has done the same thing with twenty studies of Cramer.

Lefebure Wely—Premier duo Symphonique, Op. 163.

Liszt—Twelve Symphonic Poems for two pianos, arranged by the composer.

Mendelssohn—Capriccio brillant, Op. 22, with 2nd piano accompaniment.

Mozart—Sonata in F (No. 17 Cotta, No. 1 Peters), with 2nd piano part (independent) by Grieg.

Sonata in C major (No. 15 Peters) with 2nd piano part by Grieg.

Sonata in G major (No. 14 Peters) with 2nd piano part by Grieg.

Sonata in C minor, with Fantasie (No. 18 Peters) by Grieg.

Raff—Tarantelle, Op. 82, No. 12, for two pianos by C. Thern.

Gustave Schumann—Rondeau brillant, Op. 5, for two pianos by Mohr.

Jean Vogt—Prélude et Fugue, Op. 18.

C. M. von Weber—Grand Duo Concertant, Op. 48, for two pianos by Henselt.

Pollacca brillant, Op. 72, for two pianos by Pfughaupt.

Bruch—Fantasie, Op. 11.

Hubert H. Parry—Grand Duo.

Chaminade—Op. 40, Concertstück for two pianos.

Nicolas von Wilm—Op. 72, Walzer.

See Breitkopf and Härtel, M. P. Belajaff, Augener and Co., and other catalogues.

Personals.

LITTLE Otto Hegner, the famous pianist, has been composing a Mass during his holidays for soloists, chorus, and orchestra.

THE Turkish Court pianist, Dussap Pasha, receives £600 a year for his services, but he is temporarily suspended every time he plays a tune the Sultan does not care to hear.

MRS. HENRY GLADSTONE, who is the daughter of Mr. Stuart Rendel, is a first-rate performer on the violin, which she handles with exquisite taste and delicacy.

MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS, formerly conductor of the Carl Rosa Company, is to give orchestral concerts, with a band of seventy performers, at Liverpool. He begins on October 31 with a "Wagner night."

SENOR SARASATE has been home to the spot where he first saw the light—innocent of fiddle-strings and unappreciative of the applause of an enraptured public. At Pampeluna, where he was born, he has played for charities, and, in recognition of this fact, the local authorities have put up a tablet.

THE admired composer, M. Paolo Tosti, was born at Rome. He began song-writing at the age of ten while studying the violin at the Naples Conservatoire. His first published song was refused by several publishers. His earlier efforts brought him about £2 each. He is now able to command £400 for them.

EMILIO PIZZI, the young composer, who has written the one-act opera for Mme. Patti, is well known in Italy as a promising composer. In 1889, at Bologna, he won the highest prize awarded to any composer in Italy for his grand opera, "William Ratcliffe," based on Heine's poems.

MR. SYDNEY BROOKS, the young violoncellist, who made so favourable an impression in musical circles by his artistic playing, will not be heard in London until about Christmas. He has joined Mme. Belle Cole and Miss Esther Palliser in the provincial tour these distinguished artistes have arranged.

MDME. ALBANI is very proud of the Victoria Badge, a marvellous specimen of the goldsmith and jeweller's craft, and presented to her by her Majesty. Very beautiful indeed is the design. It is that of a female figure, exquisitely sculptured in gold, and representing the Angel of Victory. This, with all her orders, she always wears on great occasions like the State Concert at Buckingham Palace.

ONE of Albani's sterling traits is her domesticity. All her housekeeping is done by her sister Nellie, who helps her in everything, from accompanying her when she studies her operas and oratorios to ordering her dinner. The tastes of her husband and little son "Ernie" are always considered, whether it be a favourite dish or a special book from the libraries.

MR. W. J. DEVERS, the writer and composer of the extremely popular song, "Our Jack's come home to-day," is an engineer by profession, and has never relied wholly upon his musical abilities for an income. The above-named melody, which first brought him into prominence, was hit off very rapidly during a railway journey between Newry and Belfast about twelve years ago.

WHO are the English firm of music publishers that, according to an Italian journal, have given Mascagni £30,000 for the full rights of the new opera of "Romano" (founded on a novel by Alphonse Karr) he is engaged upon? The same firm are also said to have offered £120 for a song. It is true that after the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana," a work by Mascagni would be worth an enormous figure; but this extraordinary figure is no doubt due to the very general ignorance of the Italians as to the Italian equivalent in silver for English gold.

A LITTLE anecdote to hand shows Liszt in another character than that of a great pianist, namely, as *un homme d'esprit*. His friend Villemessant was speaking to him one evening of a certain pianist who, under the pretext of charitable concerts, got his name advertised far and wide, and asked him, "Now, frankly, do you consider him a man of talent?" With a quiet smile, the abbé replied, "Yes; he is really such a charitable man, that of him you may say, in every act, he never lets his right hand know what his left hand is doing."

THERE are, perhaps, few who would recognise a grandson of the tuneful composer, Balfe, in the Spanish Duke de Frias, who, with his duchess, is at present on a visit to England. Balfe's handsome daughter Victoire—who at one time promised to make for herself quite a fame on the lyric stage, some thirty odd years ago—captivated the not too juvenile heart and hand of our ambassador at St. Petersburg, Sir John Crampton, and on becoming Mme. l'Ambassadrice retired from the stage.

THE gossip of the day had its say as to whether the match was a happy one; but be this as it may, Balfe's eldest daughter in after years married the Spanish Duke de Frias, the father of our present guest, whose grandfather, it is worth remembering, had acted as Ambassador-Extraordinary from Spain to our Court at the coronation, when his Excellency did not fail to recall the fact that a distant ancestor of his had filled a similar position as far back as the coronation of James I.

THE last days of the composer of the "Bohemian Girl" were passed with his daughter, the Duchess of Frias, who, an accomplished musician, was a warm admirer of her father's genius, and assisted him not a little in the composition of his last opera, "The Knight of the Leopard," inspired by Scott's "Talisman."

OCTOBER 10 was the eightieth birthday of the veteran Italian composer, Giuseppe Verdi.

AN eminent performer on the flute in Borneo plays his instrument with his nose.

BORN at the little village of Roncole, in the ancient duchy of Parma, then in the hands of the French, a fact to which is due the curious accident that his birth certificate is in that language, the humble son of the village innkeeper, who from being choir-boy in the little parish church, advanced to be its organist at the munificent salary of 36 lire a year, eventually raised to 40, equivalent to about 33s., has, it will be admitted, somewhat risen in social and musical eminence since those distant days.

THERE is a good but little known story told of Verdi in connection with a correspondent, a complete stranger, who, having travelled specially to Parma twice to hear the maestro's opera of "Aida," found it by no means to his taste, whereupon he forwarded a long letter to Verdi explaining his disappointment, and enclosing a little bill: "Railway fare, return; seat at theatre and execrable supper at the railway

station; total, 31 lire 80 centesimi," a sum which he coolly but politely begged the composer to return.

VERDI, in a most humorous letter to the ungenuous youth, agreed to refund him his fare and his seat, but on no condition would he hear of paying for the supper, only exacting in return a receipt from his correspondent promising never again to hear any of his new operas, "so as to avoid further disappointments and wasted railway fares."

To this hour Verdi keeps among his papers the receipt, duly signed by the unknown stranger, engaging never again to attend any new opera by the maestro, "unless he takes upon himself the entire expenses to whatever may be his opinion on my work."

VERDI, who lives in absolute seclusion at the beautiful villa of Sant' Agata, near his birthplace at Busseto, is still, in spite of his age, an early riser, five o'clock being no unusual hour to see him about the gardens, which he loves with scarcely less affection than his horses, his stables being one of his chief sources of pride, both hobbies, as he explains, giving ample employment to the few peasantry who live about his isolated residence.

VERDI has owned Sant' Agata ever since 1849, when the present villa, with its spacious grounds and outhouses, was only a modest little farm.

VERDI, who, on his last visit to Rome, was made an honorary citizen, has sent the following telegram in reply to the Syndic's message: "It is with a sentiment of great pride that the new citizen of the Eternal City thanks his Syndic and the Romans for their good wishes on the eightieth anniversary of his birthday."

MR. CARRODUS, the distinguished violinist, who is the possessor of the famous Joseph Guarnerius del Gesù violin, known as the Canon Joseph, which is valued at £1,000, has recently added another fine specimen of the same make to his interesting collection. Its characteristics are great power and a wonderful sweetness of tone, and it is said to be equal in some respects to the historic fiddle supposed to have been gambled away by Paganini.

WHEN Mr. Chevalier first went on at the halls he felt, as compared to acting, the work was child's play, and, as he says, he could do it on his head. When he came to do two turns it seemed equally easy, and four turns seemed as easy as lying, and he did five turns without turning a hair. Now, as he says, "I am paying for it." Asked to account for the difference between theatres and music-halls, he gave me the following explanation.

IT is not the actual singing which irritates the vocal organs. This was proved when Mr. Chevalier was in the country with his own company, and sang every night from ten to fifteen songs in the hall in which they were showing. It is the travelling from hall to hall which does the mischief. Mr. Chevalier says he gets in a violent perspiration as often as five times a night, and between each "muck sweat" he has a cold air bath as he drives across London. Undoubtedly such a procedure is enough to account for any amount of disease.

THE result of these continued attacks of the throat will, I fear, lead to Mr. Chevalier's early retirement from the music-halls. For some time he has made no secret of the fact that, sooner or later, he intends to return to the stage. My announcement of this will probably produce many interviews and possible contradictions, but time will tell a different tale.

THE Gresham musical lectures will be delivered by Professor Bridge on November 6, 7, 8, and 10, Lord Mayor's Day being skipped.—At the first of the London Symphony Concerts on November 8, Mr. Plunket Greene will introduce a new song with orchestral accompaniment, specially written for him by Professor Stanford.

THE banquet which, on the 6th inst., the Lord Mayor will give at the Mansion House "In Honour of Music," promises to be a very brilliant gathering of British and resident musicians. Most of the leading composers and Professors in London have accepted invitations, which the Lord Mayor has, by the way, extended to some of the most prominent members of the orchestra.

AN interesting discovery has been made in the City Library of Nuremberg, where, among a mass of old papers, have been found a quantity of sixteenth century poems and songs of the meistersingers, including, it is said, several by Hans Sachs himself. Of Hans Sachs' works there never, however, was any lack, and one writer mentions over 6,000 of them contained in 34 folio volumes.

THE dates of the Philharmonic Society's concerts have now been altered, and they stand as follows: Wednesdays, February 28 and March 14; Thursdays, April 19, May 3, 24, June 7, 21. The Philharmonic subscribers will be interested to learn that M. Paderewski has again been engaged for one of these concerts, which, of course, will as before be conducted by Dr. Mackenzie. This time, both at the Philharmonic and at the Monday Popular Concerts, where he will play on December 11 (introducing a wreath of new songs from his own pen, accompanied by himself), the Polish pianist will receive a fee which rumour puts at 150 guineas each performance. His recitals are, of course, much more valuable, and the receipts at the concert which he gave at St. James's Hall last June amounted to nearly £1,000. M. Paderewski will probably spend the New Year in Paris, having declined certain offers of engagements in Russia and Germany, but he will be back in England in the early summer to give one or more recitals in London, and possibly to undertake a short tour.

Music in Newcastle.

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IT is long since there has been such a stir in the musical circles of Newcastle as has been witnessed recently, when Sir Augustus Harris's touring party favoured us with a visit of one week's duration. It may be said at once that the company was a good one, although individual members were not all they were announced to be. We benighted provincials do sometimes read the London papers, and learn what is going on in the conceited and self-important Metropolis. We read the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC too; and when we see in our local journals and weeklies that Signor X. is one of the greatest conductors living, and that Mascagni sent for him when he got stuck in the work of composing "Cavalleria Rusticana"; or that Herr Y. is, in the opinion of London critics, the greatest living tenor; or that Madame Z., Sir Augustus Harris's recent acquisition, is one of the finest contraltos of the day—why, then we wink the other eye, but go to the performances all the same. Of course a great deal of this kind of thing has been written. The critics of our locals are not famous because of their skill as musicians; their ability or lack of ability as writers is patent so that he who runs may read; and as for their knowledge—well, Mr. Editor, do your readers the kindness of letting them read this cutting from the —. But, no! names must not be mentioned; the other critics might be jealous of the unexpected notoriety gained by one of their number. Here is the cutting, and when you sit for the Durham examination remember it, and you will get through:

"Last night the Tyne Theatre presented another brilliant spectacle in the house assembled to witness the performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin," the

opera which was composed in 1847 as a corollary or pendant to "Tannhäuser," the work in which the great master first gave complete expression to the revolutionary ideas that have exercised such an enormous influence upon the current of musical thought in the present century. It was, at it were, the completion of the edifice of modern romantic opera, the foundation of which was in a great measure laid by Gluck, and continued by Berlioz. An enlightened French critic nearly twenty years before "Lohengrin" was produced in London wrote of Wagner: "He has put an end to the scandal of an æsthetic, which condemned the opera to be void of thoughts, and to exhaust itself in tentatives infructueuses he has drawn from its soft apathy the fashionable mediocrity. He has created the only manner of treating the lyrical drama which penetrates to its essence, identifying the music with the poem, or rather drawing himself, the one and the other, from the same thought. He has reduced the opera to a declamation note, sacrificing classical beauty to the expression, and uniting in one the music and the poem."

Now, I say, how can the man who wrote this peculiarly delicious kind of bosh judge whether a singer or an opera is good or bad? The critics are asked to lunch with M. W. (of the Royal Italian Opera, London), and they do lunch with him. They have never heard of him before, any more than he of them; but he compliments them on the far-reaching effect of their trenchant and learned criticisms, and what can they do but compliment him back—in their newspapers next day? Alas! the little game goes on all over. I suppose even you in London are not entirely free of it. (Do you go to those lunches, Mr. Editor, or do you beg to be excused, and slate your would-be lunchers next month?)

Despite the amount of humbugging nonsense that has been talked and written, the company was, I say, a good one, and the week an important one in the musical annals of Newcastle. I will, briefly as possible, give you a diary (what word is there for a record of what goes on every night—a noctary?) of the week's proceedings.

On Monday, October 2, "Orfeo" and "Pagliacci" were produced. There is but one Orfeo—Giulia Ravogli—and she gave us of her best; her sister, Sofia, of course suffers eclipse in such close proximity to the greater light, but made an adequate Eurydice. The band under Mr. Feld was good. As for "Pagliacci," it must be enough to say that it was well received. Miss Lucile Hill carried off the honours. And this is right, for there was no other singer of importance in the cast; the remainder being Morello, Richard Green, Dufrique, and Guetary. A Signor Leppilli made a fair, but only fair, conductor.

The next evening was a Mascagni night, the works performed being "L'Amico Fritz," and "Cavalleria Rusticana." Both were favourably listened to, but there were no special features calling for remark. Mr. Feld conducted the first; Leppilli tried his (seemingly) 'prentice hand at the other.

On the night of the 4th, Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" was sung with all the pomp and circumstance that a well-financed property room can supply. The chief point about the performance was it gave us an opportunity of hearing the much-talked-of Mr. David Bispham. His perfect art and beautiful voice contrasted most favourably with Gianitini, whose organ was compared by a local critic to a "vocal Woolwich Infant!" Mdlle. Rosita Sala made a favourable impression as Valentina, Giulia Ravogli was superb in the little she has to do, and the others did what is in them.

On the following evening came "Carmen," with Giulia Ravogli in the title rôle, her sister taking Michaela. Leppilli conducted, and the performance was quite up to the standard set for themselves by this company.

"Lohengrin" on the 6th was perhaps the event of a week which was itself an event. I must give the complete cast:

Lohengrin	...	Mr. Joseph O'Mara.
Frederico di Telramondo	...	Mons. Dufrique.
Erico L'Uccelatore	...	Mons. Castelmarty.
L'Araldo	...	Signor Vaschetti.
Ortruda	...	Mdlle. Olitzka.
Elsa di Brabant	...	Mdlle. Rosita Sala.
Conductor	...	Herr Feld.

Olitzka possesses a fine deep contralto voice, but she requires to be heard again before the question can be decided whether she or Giulia Ravogli makes the finest Ortruda. As things stand at present, I am bound to say the new-comer comes nowhere next Mdlle. Ravogli. The "Irish gentleman," Mr. Joseph O'Mara, looked Lohengrin rather better than he sang it, and Dufrique was an efficient Frederick.

The season, or at least the week, closed with performances, on Saturday afternoon, of "L'Amico Fritz" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and, in the evening, of "Orfeo" and "Pagliacci." A few of the artists were different, but the performances averaged much the same as those already mentioned.

In a speech, on the first night, as far as I remember, Sir Augustus said he hoped some day to give them a solid three months of opera. That seems unlikely at present, but at any rate there is every probability of a month next year. If the performances are as good as the recent ones (and not otherwise), a month will be a decided success.

Music in Australia.

—:—

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING gave a farewell concert in Melbourne on the evening of August 26. She was assisted by Miss Isabel Webster, Mr. James Wood, Mr. H. R. Holder, and Mr. W. E. Nott. Miss May Habgood was pianoforte accompanist. The well-known contralto sang Liszt's "King of Thule," Rubinstein's "Waldeinsamkeit," Schubert's "Der Leiermann," Molloy's "Only Youth is Happy," and Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Of course the audience wished to encore everything, but Madame Sterling only yielded in the case of the songs by Molloy and Sullivan. "The Lost Chord" she partly repeated, and to satisfy the other demand sang "My boy Tammie." Miss Webster and Mr. James Wood gained encores, but Mr. Holder seemed hardly in his usual good form. Mr. Nott's organ-playing deserves high commendation.

A much more important concert was Mr. Marshall-Hall's Wagner concert on the afternoon of the same day. This is the programme:

Kaiser March	...	Wagner.
Dramatic Ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci"	...	G. W. L. Marshall-Hall.
Introduction and Closing Scene ("Tristan und Isolde")	...	Wagner.
Death of Siegfried ("Gotterdammerung")	...	Wagner.
Elsa's Dream ("Lohengrin")	...	Wagner.
"Walküre Ride"	...	Wagner.

The hall was packed to the last seat. Some of Mr. Marshall-Hall's kinder friends were afraid that a recent utterance of his might frighten away the public. The story bears on this concert, and may be told here. Mr. Marshall-Hall entered a public meeting a few weeks since, and, being one of the most popular men in the city, was asked for a speech. Nothing loath, he gave one, and in the course of it said that these concerts were given by the band and themselves for their own pleasure. It had recently been proposed by someone in a letter to some newspaper that the public should vote for the pieces they wanted played. "That," said Mr. Marshall-Hall, "is mere nonsense. We are glad to see the public if they choose to come; but we play for our own pleasure, we choose the pieces for our own pleasure, and the public have no voice in the matter." And so on. The "public" appreciated the spirit of the speech, laughed and applauded; and being a sensible public, they knew that that being the spirit of Mr. Marshall-Hall and his band, the concert was likely to be a very good one. Accordingly they came in crowds. They were not disappointed. The four instrumental numbers were magnificently played; Madame Elise Wedermann made a big success in the "Lohengrin" scene, earning a double encore; and Mr. Henry Stockwell rendered with fine expression the conductor's wonderful setting of Keats' equally wonderful poem. The audience insisted upon applauding, and time after time the singer came forward to bow. At last it struck Mr. Marshall-Hall that he might be wanted, whereupon he acknowledged the plaudits, and they ceased.

Berlin Better.

THE musical season of Berlin begins September 1 with the opening of the Royal Opera House, but it is a full month later before the orchestral and other concerts are inaugurated.

The announcements of the different musical organisations have been issued, and give promise that the coming season will prove an exceptionally brilliant one, rich in novelties, and generous in the production of standard works.

It is now definitely arranged that Von Bülow is not to direct the first five of the series of the concerts to be given by the Philharmonic Orchestra, owing to his continued ill-health. The first two will be under the direction of Hermann Levi, the popular conductor from Munich, while Herr Schuch will conduct the third, fourth, and fifth.

The management have great hopes that Von Bülow will be sufficiently recovered to take charge of the last five concerts; and in this wish the entire musical public of Berlin most heartily join.

We are promised two performances of the Ninth Symphony in the near future, the first under Prof. Gemshelm's direction, and the second under Siegfried Ochs, the indefatigable leader of the Philharmonic Chorus. This society will give at its first concert a second performance of Tinel's dramatic oratorio "Franciscus," which was so well received here last season. The new works to be rendered by this chorus comprises the names of Bruckner, D'Albert, and Hugo Wolf.

At the Sing Akademie, Herr Blumner's chorus will give Handel's "Samson" at its first concert. Other works to be given later are Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Bach's Magnificat, and Mendelssohn's "95th Psalm."

In the midst of all this awakening we have to record the closing of the summer season of opera at Kroll's Theatre on September 17. The attempt made last year to give opera during the entire winter season proved a failure financially, and will not be repeated this season.

Another musical prodigy has appeared above the horizon, this time in the person of Arthur Argiewicz, a nine-year old violinist, from Warsaw, Poland. His first concert, which virtually opened the season, was given at the Philharmonic, and his programme consisted of Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto, Bach's "Ciaccona," and a Gipsy Dance by Nachez. His tone is clear and clean, full of expression and feeling, while his bowing is remarkably strong for a youth of his tender years. His technique appears to be inherent, rather than acquired by the aid of mechanical exercises, for he played the difficult passages of the Mendelssohn concerto with an ease which called forth spontaneous applause at the conclusion of each movement. As a child he is quick in action and bright in manner, and converses in a thoroughly child-like and entirely unaffected way—a trait not often found in children who appear before the public. Unlike his colleague and fellow-townsmen, Raoul Koczalski, his talent lies only in execution, as, so far, he has given no evidence of possessing ability for musical composition. London will soon have an opportunity of hearing him, as he appears there in concert in December or early in January.

The first symphony concert of the Opera House Orchestra took place on October 3, at which Haydn's B flat, Mozart's G minor, and Beethoven's A major symphonies were performed. These concerts are under the direction of Herr Weingartner, and throughout the entire evening he received a perfect ovation from the audience, who testified in this hearty and loyal manner their pleasure and appreciation that he was to remain with them, notwithstanding the strong but vain attempts made by the cities of Munich, Glasgow, and Boston to secure his valuable services. Herr Weingartner conducted in his usual artistic and magnetic manner, and the orchestra responded with a precision and finish which made the evening's performance a delight to all that heard it.

The opening performance of the Philharmonic Popular Concerts was given October 3, and was attended by an audience which filled the spacious Phil-

harmonic to its utmost capacity. Herr Franz Mannstaedt, who was formerly conductor of these concerts a few years ago, and, later, Kapellmeister of the Wiesbaden Opera House, has been engaged as director for the coming season. His leadership is quiet and masterly, and he preserves complete control over his orchestra, as was evident by his rendering of the Beethoven C minor Symphony. He was placed on the programme as the soloist for the evening, and played the B flat minor Piano Concerto of Tchaikowski, Op. 23, showing himself to be master of a thorough technique and a scholarly style, even if lacking somewhat in brilliancy.

Herren Baith, Wieth, and Hausmann have resumed their Chamber Music Concerts at the Philharmonic, at the first of which they gave the Beethoven C minor, Op. 1, and the Brahms C minor, Op. 101, trios. These three musicians have now for themselves a well-deserved reputation for their artistic rendering of classical Chamber Music, and at their concerts can be seen the very best of the Berlin musical public.

Franz Rummel, formerly of Berlin, but for the last few years a resident of New York, is to give a series of piano recitals at the Sing Akademie. His first recital consisted of the Beethoven G major, Op. 58, Schumann A minor, Op. 54, and the Saint-Saëns G minor, Op. 22, concertos. The scherzo of the latter he played with such delicacy of touch that it had to be repeated to satisfy the audience.

INSLAW.

Music in Glasgow.

THE musical season may be said to have been inaugurated by Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company, which opened here at the Theatre Royal on Monday the 18th ult.; the company contains a few of the leading lights of Covent Garden, and some of the lesser lights. The operas performed were "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Les Huguenots," "Orfeo," "Lohengrin," and "L'Amico Fritz." The sisters Ravogli made their first appearance here and had a most enthusiastic reception, the house being crammed on the nights they appeared. Mascagni's operas were also a good draw. The principal artists of the company were well received each evening; the chorus was a weak spot.

On Friday evening, the 22nd ult., in the Queen's Rooms, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé gave a piano-forte and violin recital. The audience was not so large as the performance merited, on account of "Carmen" being a "draw" that evening at the Theatre Royal. Lady Hallé played excerpts from Sade, Bruch, and David. Her playing was quite up to the point of perfection which is always associated with her appearance here. Sir Charles played Schumann's Studies in C sharp minor, and was associated with Lady Hallé in Rubinstein's Grand Sonata for piano and violin, and other selections.

The first of Messrs. Harrison's subscription concerts was given in St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday, the 12th October. As was expected the hall was crowded. Madame Patti's songs were "Una Voce," "Batti Batti," Tosti's "Serenata," "My Darling," by S. Fox, and the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home." The other artists were Madame Hope Glenn, Messrs. Lely and Salmond; Jean Gerardy and the Misses Eissler, cello, violin, and harp respectively. The programme contained nothing fresh; just the old thing over again, and which will no doubt appear a few times yet in your magazine. Mr. Ganz was accompanist.

Music in Worcester.

A VERY impressive service was held in St. John's Church, Worcester, in the evening of September 24, the church being crowded some time before evensong commenced.

It was the last time the parishioners had the opportunity of hearing their highly-esteemed organist, Mr. A. W. Smith, F.C.O., who has been appointed assistant organist at Eton College. Mr. Smith has done excellent service for over seven years in St. John's, always showing the beautiful art in its best light, and keeping a high ideal before him. His remarkable skill at the organ, and perfect taste, will be a great loss to St. John's, and he will never be forgotten by those in the parish, and the citizens of Worcester, as a musician decidedly above the average, and a true gentleman of a high and noble character.

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Edith Tullock

Magazine of Music Supplement, November 1893.

SONGS

* by *

Robert Schumann.

The Lotus Flower.

Devotion.

I will not grieve.

Thou'rt like a lovely Flower.

London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

(DIE LOTOSBLUME.)

WORDS BY
H. HEINE.

MUSIC BY
R. SCHUMANN.

Più tosto andante. *p*

VOICE. *p*

The Lo - tus flow'r is pi - ning,
Die Lo - tos - blu - me äng - stigt

PIANO. *p*

'Neath the proud sun's fierce light, See her fair head de -
sich vor der Son - ne Pracht, und mit ge - senk - tem

clin - ing, She dreams of the cool dew - y night. The
Haupt - te er - wartet sie träu - mend die Nacht. Der

moon - god fain would woo her, He wakes her with his
Mond der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem

pp

rays Her charms so soft - ly un - veil - ing, Her meek eyes meet his
Licht, und ihm ent-schlei-ert sie freund - lich ihr from - mes Blu - menge -

gaze. Now bloom - ing, kind - ling, pal - ing, She gaz - eth mute - ly a -
sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und leuch - tet, und star - ret stumm in die

bove, Her sighs in sweet per - fume ex - hal - ing, She
Höh, sie duf - tet und wei - net und zit - tert vor

ritard. p

trembles with ti - mid love, She trembles with ti - mid love.
Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.

p *ritard.*

DEVOTION.

(WIDMUNG.)

WORDS BY
F. RÜCKERT.MUSIC BY
R. SCHUMANN.

Vivace. con espressione

VOICE. Thou art my soul, thou art my heart, Nought can like thee — such joy im-
 Du meine See - le, du mein Herz, du mei-ne Wonn'! o du mein

PIANO. *mf*

part, Thou art my world, — my all of love, — My heav'n art thou — all else a-
 Schmerz, du meine Welt, — in der ich le - be, mein Him - mel du, — da - rein ich

bove, — And in thy breast have I re - pos'd Each grief — as in an urn — en -
 schwe - be, o du mein Grab, in das hin - ab ich e - - wig mei - nen Kum - mer

clos'd. Thou art my rest, to me — that's
 gab! Du bist die Ruh', du bist — der

ritard. a tempo

gi - ven, Af - - ter life's storms a peace - ful
 Frie - den, du bist vom Him - mel mir be-

ha - ven. Blest with thy love is life more dear, Thy glance doth make e'en heav'n more
 schie - den. Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth, dein Blick hat mich vor mir ver.

ritard. clear, Thou hast up - rais'd me with thy worth, My guar - dian an - gel here on
 klärt, du hebst mich *a tempo* *lie* dend ü - ber mich, mein *a tempo* gu - ter Geist, mein bess' - res

ritard. *ritard.*

f a tempo earth! Thou art my soul, thou art my heart, Nought can like thee such joy im -
 Ich! Du meine See - le, du mein Herz, du mei-ne Wonn', o du mein

a tempo

part, Thou art my world, my all of love, My heav'n art thou all else a -
 Schmerz, du meine Welt, in der ich le - be, mein Him - mel du, da - rein ich

stringendo

ritard. bove, My guardian an - gel here on earth!
 schwe - be, mein gu - ter Geist, mein bess' - res Ich!

ritard. *ritard.*

rit.

"I WILL NOT GRIEVE."

(„ICH GROLLE NICHT.“)

WORDS BY
H. HEINE.

MUSIC BY
R. SCHUMANN.

Moderato. *mf*

VOICE. *mf*

I will not grieve although my heart should
Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch

PIANO. *mf*

break, Tho' thou art lost to me, Tho' thou couldst thus de-
bricht, e - wig ver - lor - nes Lieb, e - wig ver - lor - nes

ceive! I will not grieve, I will not
Lieb, ich grol - le nicht, ich grol - le

grieve. Tho' diamonds deck, and boundless wealth be thine, No ray of joy up-on thy
nicht. Wie du auch strahlst in Di - a - man - ten - pracht, es füllt kein Strahl in dei - nes

f ritard. a tempo *f*

heart shall shine. Nor will I grieve. I will not
 Her-zens Nacht, das weiss ich längst. Ich grol-le

f ritard. a tempo

grieve Al-tho' my heart should break. I dreamt it long a-
 nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht. Ich sah dich ja im

cresc.

go, That thou would'st cause me cru-el grief and woe. I've seen the ser-pent on thy heart that
 Trau-me und sah die Nacht in deines Her-zens Rau-me, und sah die Schlang die dir am Her-zen

cresc.

preys, And known thy hapless hours and wea-ry days. I will not grieve, I will not
 frisst, ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du e-lend bist. Ich grol-le nicht, ich grol-le

ritard.

grieve.
 nicht.

"THOU'RT LIKE A LOVELY FLOWER."

(„DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.“)

WORDS BY
H. HEINE.

MUSIC BY
R. SCHUMANN.

Andante.

VOICE.

Thou'rt like a love - ly flow'r, So
Du bist wie ei - ne Blu - me, so

PIANO.

pure, so sweet and fair; I look on thee in sad - ness
hold, so schön und rein; ich schau' dich an, und Weh - muth

More than my heart can bear. My hands on thy head placed de - vout - ly, A
schlecht mir in's Herz hin - ein. Mir ist, als ob ich die Hän - de auf's

bless - ing I'd fain im - plore, Pray - ing that God may pre - serve thee,
Haupt dir le - gen sollt, be - tend, dass Gott dich er - hal - te

so sweet, so fair, so pure.
so schön, so rein und hold.

ritard.

ritard.

ritard.

Magazine of Music Supplement, November 1893.

Andante

* by *

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A SONG of STARS.

Duet by

Orlando A. Mansfield.



London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

ANDANTE.

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN, Op. 9. No. 2.

PIANO.

(♩ = 132.)
 espress. dolce
 p
 cresc.
 f
 p
 cresc.
 p
 pp
 poco ritard.
 a tempo
 f
 p
 poco rall.
 a tempo
 simile
 cresc.
 p
 a tempo

This page contains seven systems of musical notation, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and ornaments, along with performance instructions and dynamics.

System 1: Features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

System 2: Includes the instruction *poco rall.* followed by *a tempo*. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

System 3: Continues the melodic and rhythmic development.

System 4: Includes the instruction *poco rubato* and *sempre pp*. The system ends with *dolcissimo*.

System 5: Features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* and *f*.

System 6: Includes the instruction *ff senza tempo* and *cresc.*.

System 7: Includes the instruction *a tempo* and *ppp*. The system ends with *dim.* and *rallent. e smorz.*.

The page is marked with a large number 3 in the top right corner and a small number 11 in the bottom right corner.

wars— with notes of peace? Sing on, whoever ye be, Ye stars of
Sing on, sing on, who - e'er ye be, Ye stars, ye stars of

*Rea. ** *Rea. **

light, And let your mel - o - dy In - spire the night. Sing on, sing
light, Sing on, and let your mel - o - dy In - spire, in - spire the night. Sing on,

*Rea. ** *Rea. ** *Rea. ** *Rea. ** *Rea.*

on, sing on, ye stars of light, And let your mel - o - dy In - spire the
sing on, ye stars of light, And let your mel - o - dy In - spire the.

ad lib. *ad lib.*

colla voce

mf

night.

night.

mf

Andante espressivo.

Though far a - way ye dwell, Your voice we hear; Night brings your clar - ion swell to

charm our ear!

How like the ser - aph song. Of some lost love

Tempo primo. *f*

ad lib. While ye the dark-ness fill _____ with

Chant - ing a - mid the throng Of heav - en a - - - bove! While ye the dark-ness fill _____ with

Tempo primo.

colla voce

spark - ling light, Our spir - its feel a thrill _____ Of sweet de - light. Sing

spark - ling light, Our spir - its feel a thrill, a thrill Of sweet de - light.

Re. * Re. *

Re. * Re. *

on, sing on, sing on, ye stars of light, And let your mel-o-dy In-
 Sing on, sing on, ye stars of light. And let your mel-o-dy In-

Rec. * *Rec.* *

ad lib. spire the night. *mf* How near the earth and
ad lib. spire the night. *mf* How near the earth and

colla voce *mf* *mf* *Rec.* *

sky To- geth - er seem! Star-voi-ces seem as nigh As in a
 sky To - geth - - er seem! Star - - voi - ces seem as nigh As in, as in a

Rec. *

dream. When thus their min-strel-
 dream How can we si - lent be, Or lone, or sad,

Rec. *

sy — Would make us glad? Then strike ye star-ry choir, — Your chords of

Then strike, then strike, ye star-ry choir, Your chords of

ff *rit.* *

might! Sparks of ce - lest - ial fire, — Make dark - - ness bright! Sing

might, your chords of might! Sparks of ce - lest - ial fire, Make dark - - ness bright!

ff *rit.* * *ff* *rit.* *

on, sing on, sing on, ye stars of light, — Sparks of ce - lest - ial

Sing on, sing on, Ye stars of light, — Sparks of ce -

ff *rit.* *

fire, — Make dark - - ness bright! *rit.*

lest - ial fire, Make dark - - ness bright! *rit.*

ff *rit.* *a tempo*

ff *rit.* *